

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

NOW ONLY 12c

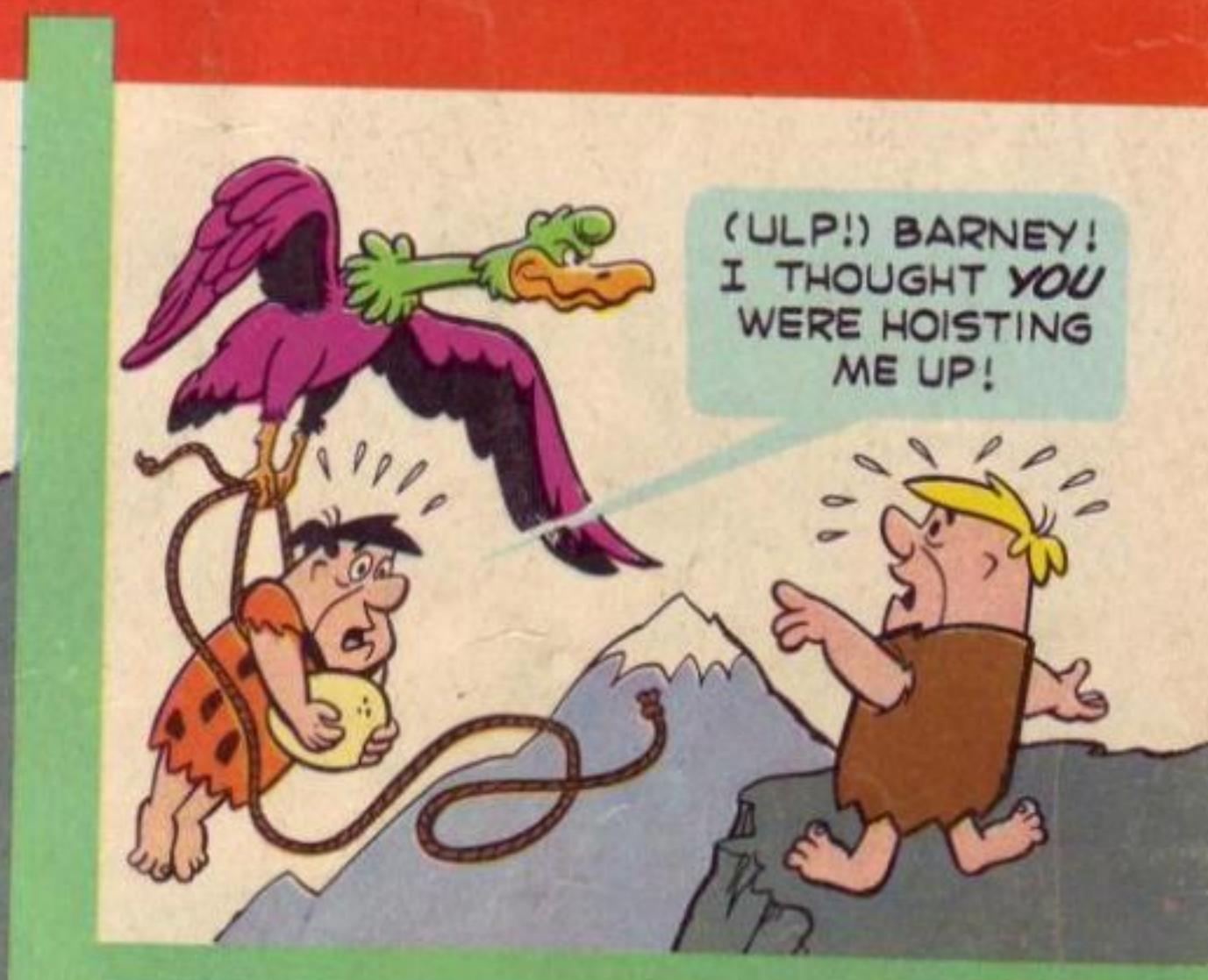
HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

0006-304
APRIL



The
PRE-
HYSTERIC
AL
EGG



(ULP!) BARNEY!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE HOISTING
ME UP!



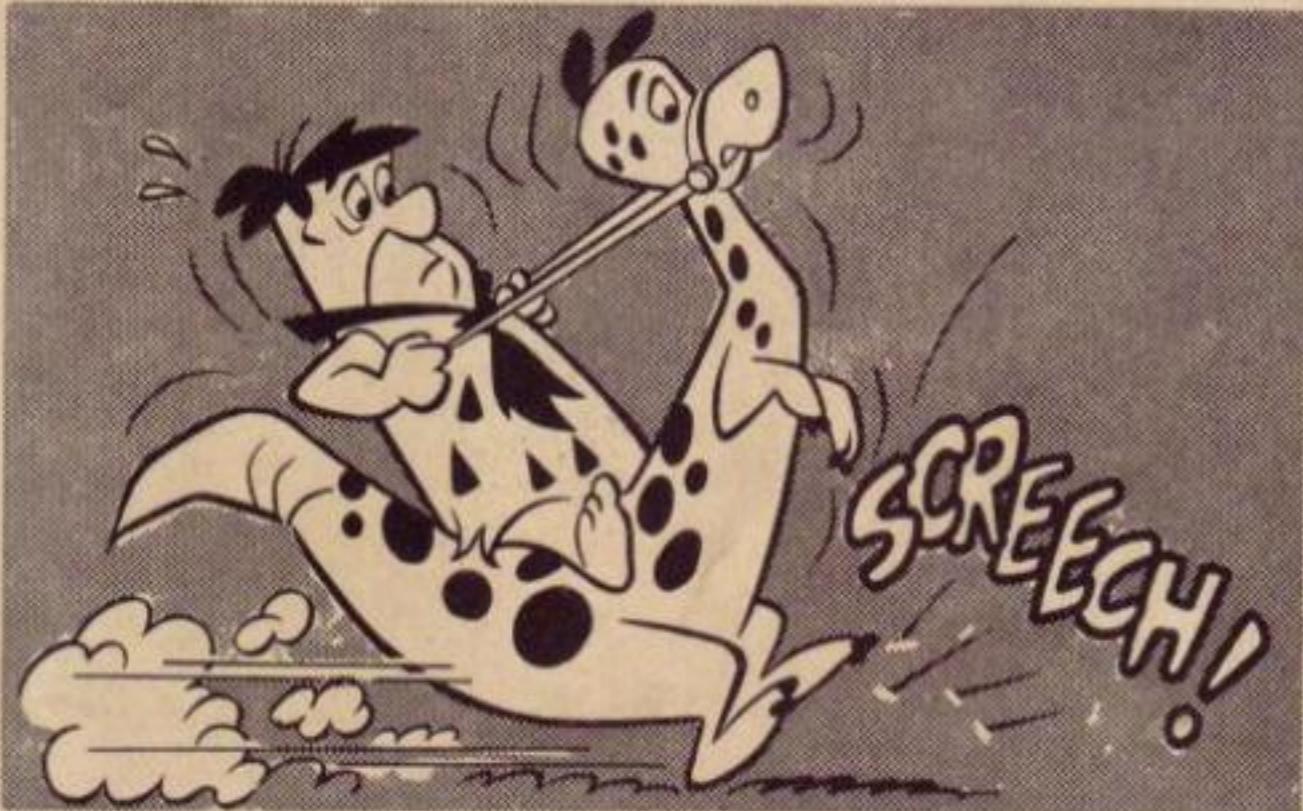
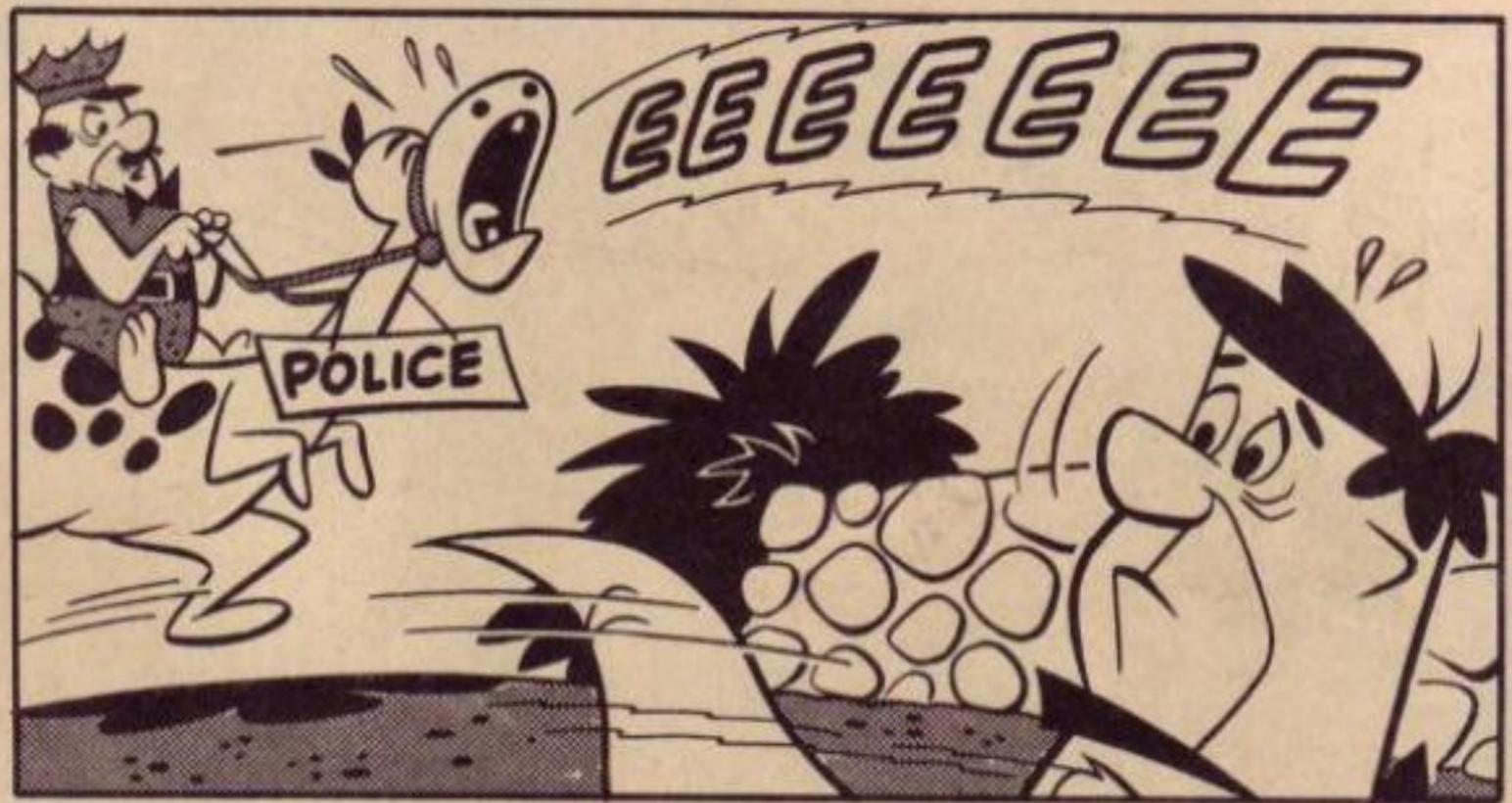
GRAB
THE
ROPE!



HANG ON,
FRED! I'LL
SAVE YOU!

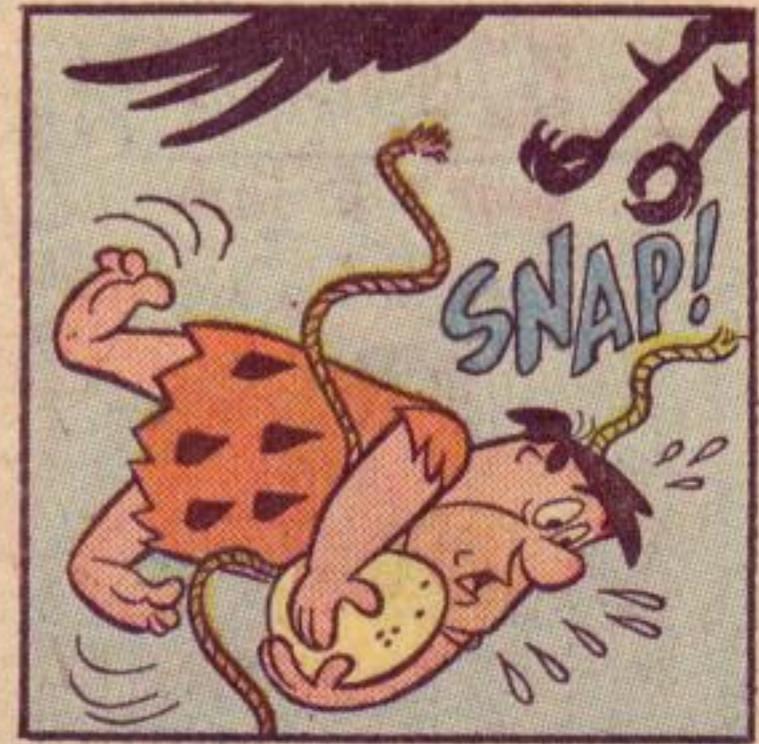
CONTINUED
INSIDE

A
Flintstone
Funny

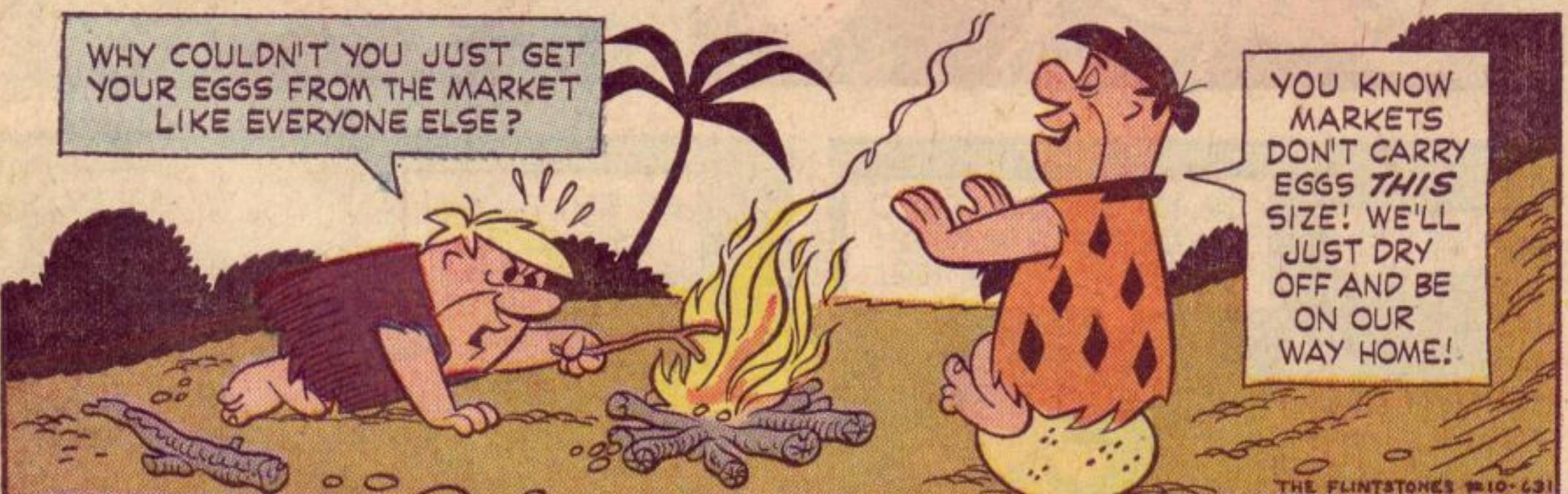


Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES
THE PRE-HYSTERICAL EGG

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER



THAT'S JUST PART OF BEING GOOD FRIENDS, PAL!

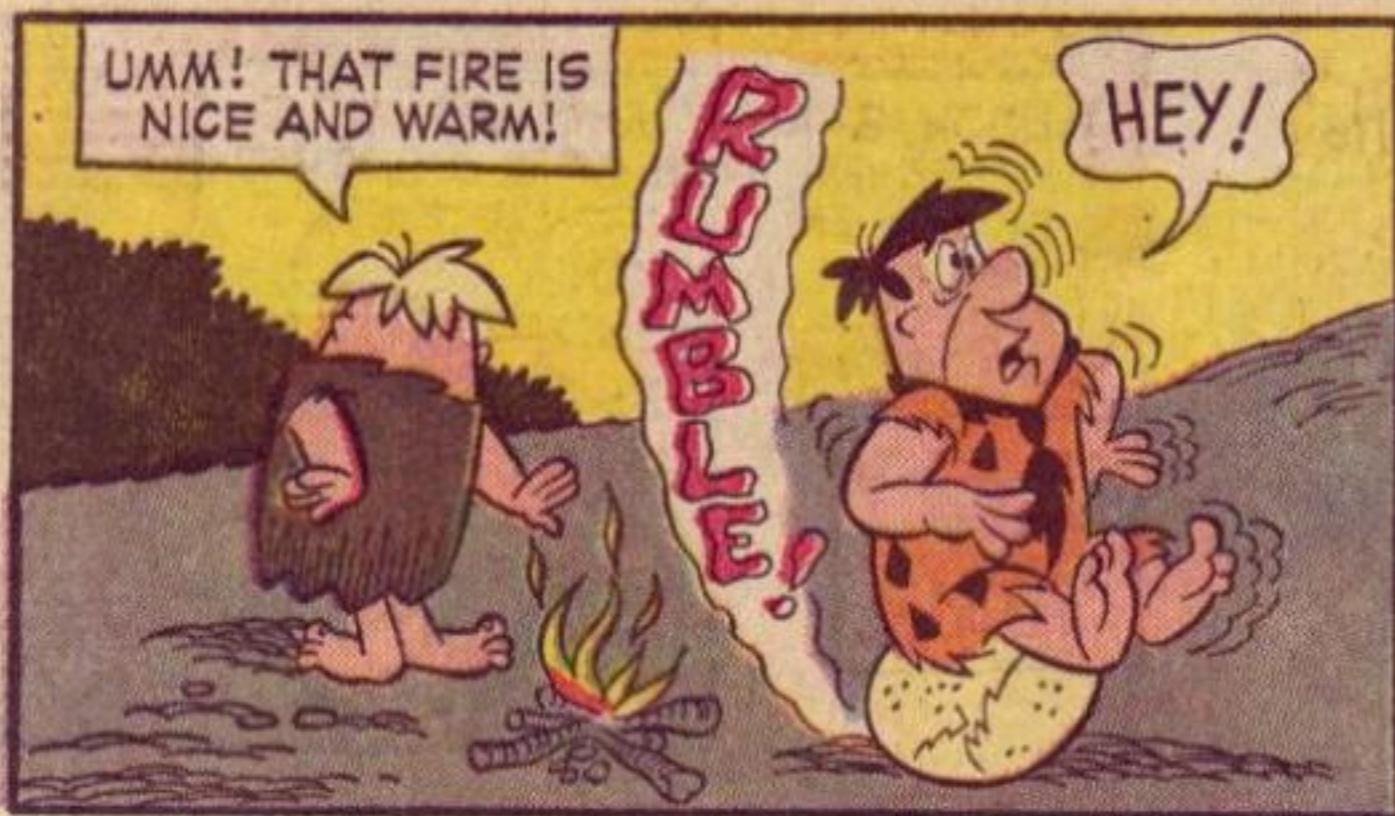


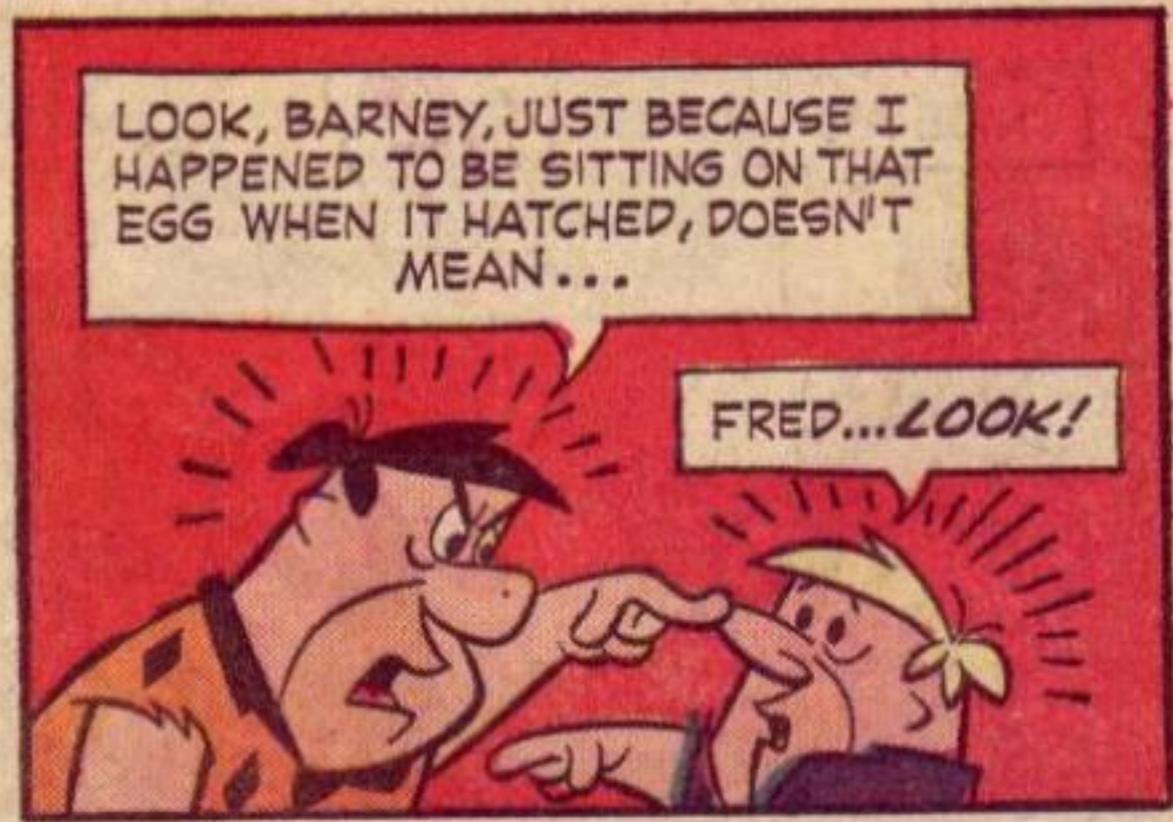
YOU KNOW MARKETS DON'T CARRY EGGS THIS SIZE! WE'LL JUST DRY OFF AND BE ON OUR WAY HOME!

THE FLINTSTONES #10-631

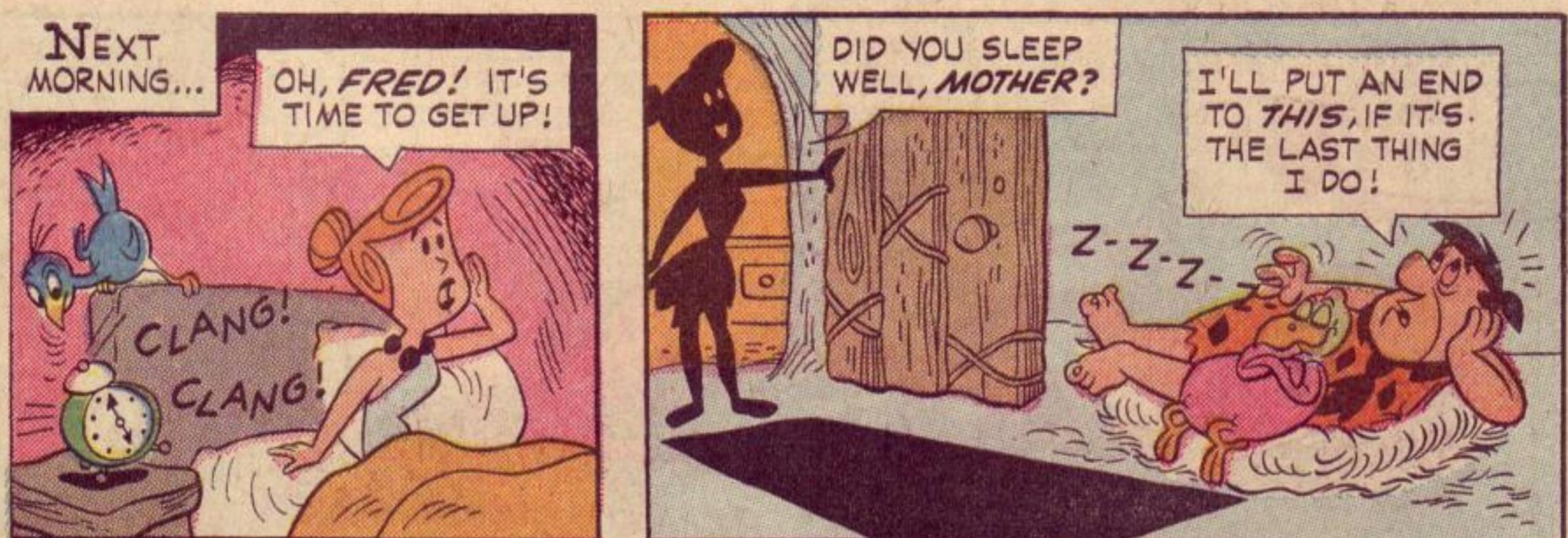
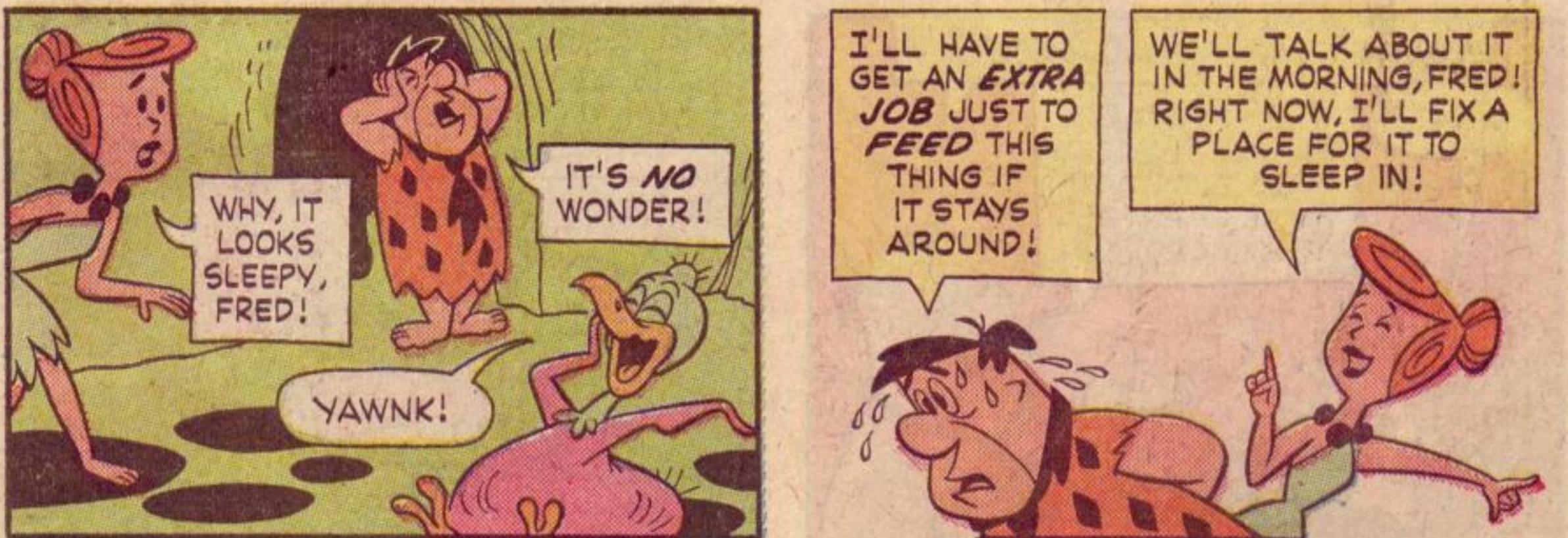
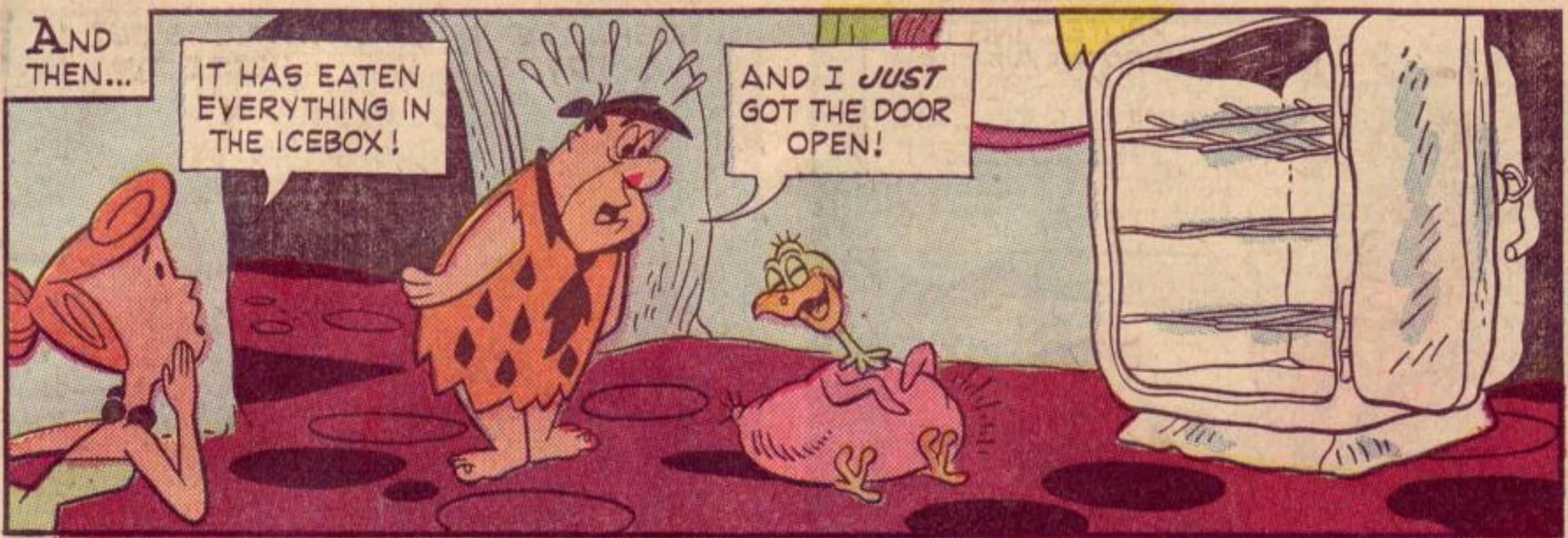
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By and by...

BARNEY, THAT BIRD HAS COST ME A SMALL FORTUNE IN FOOD... AND IT REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT I'M NOT ITS MOTHER!

CHEER UP! MAYBE IT'LL LAY YOU AN EGG FOR MOTHER'S DAY! HEH-HEH!

THAT'S IT, BARNEY... THAT'S IT!

WHAT?

WHEN IT STARTS LAYING EGGS, I'LL SELL THEM AND MAKE UP FOR ALL IT HAS COST ME!

IT'S ABOUT FULL-GROWN NOW, AND IT SHOULD START LAYING EGGS ANYTIME!

BARNEY, YOU SOLVED MY PROBLEM!

NOT QUITE, FRED! LOOK!

IT WANTS TO PLAY BASEBALL!

SQUAWK!

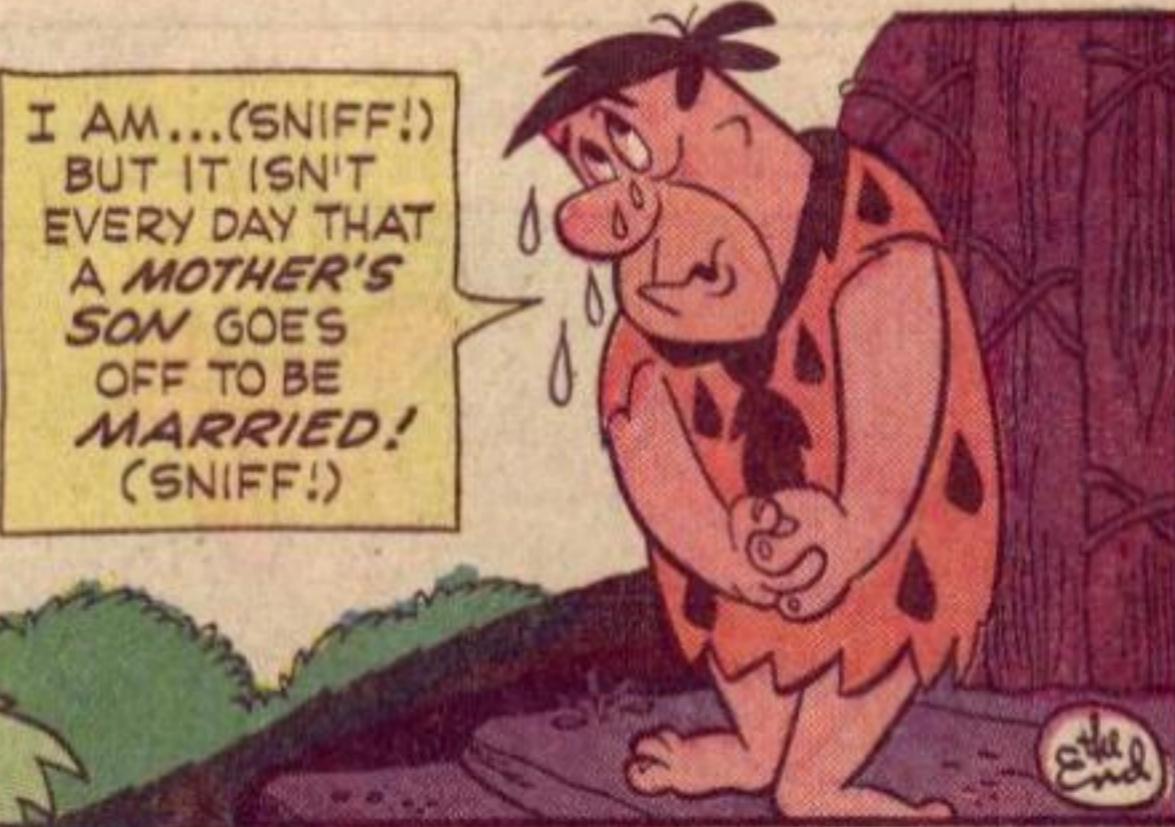
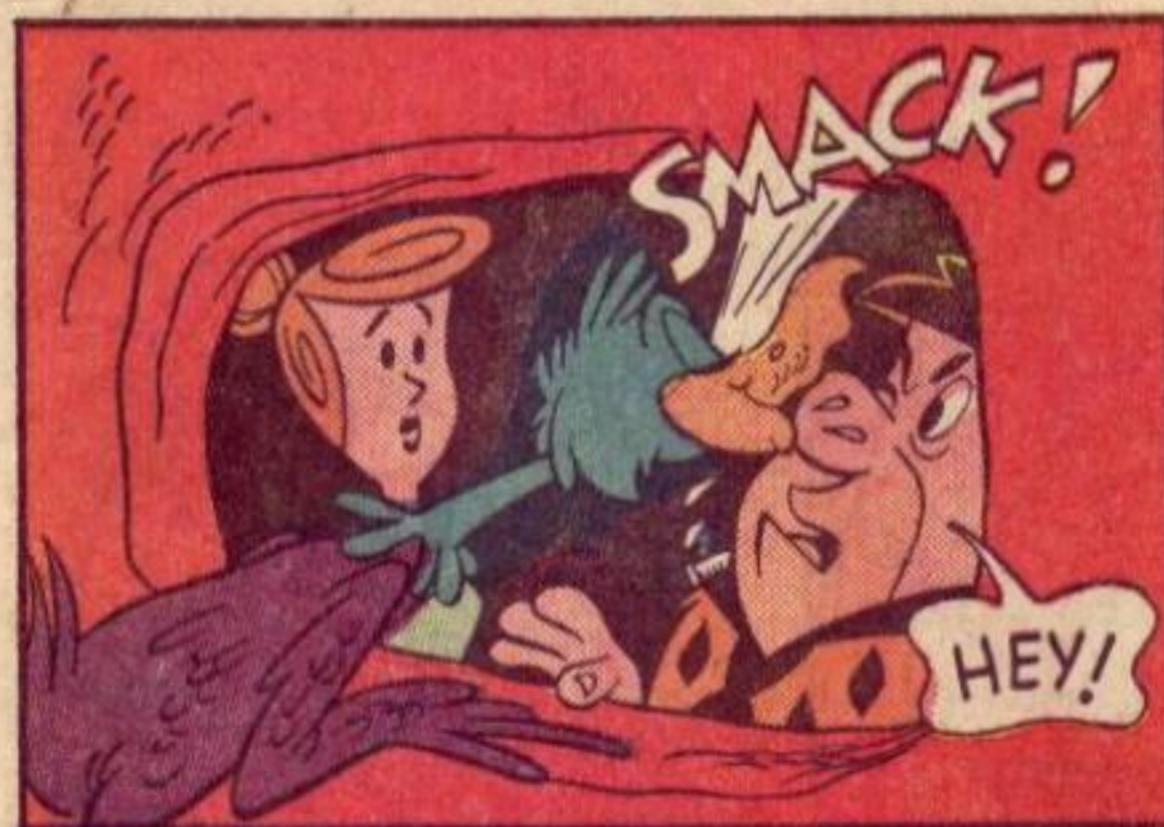
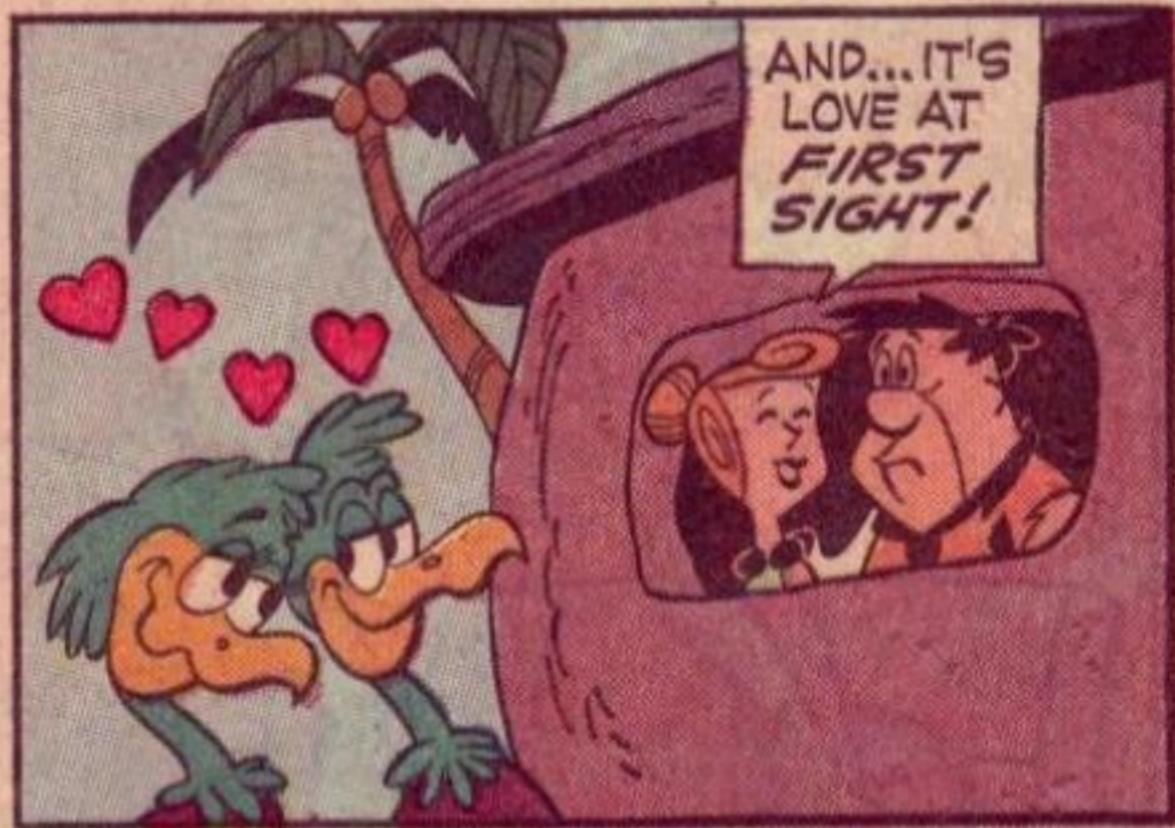
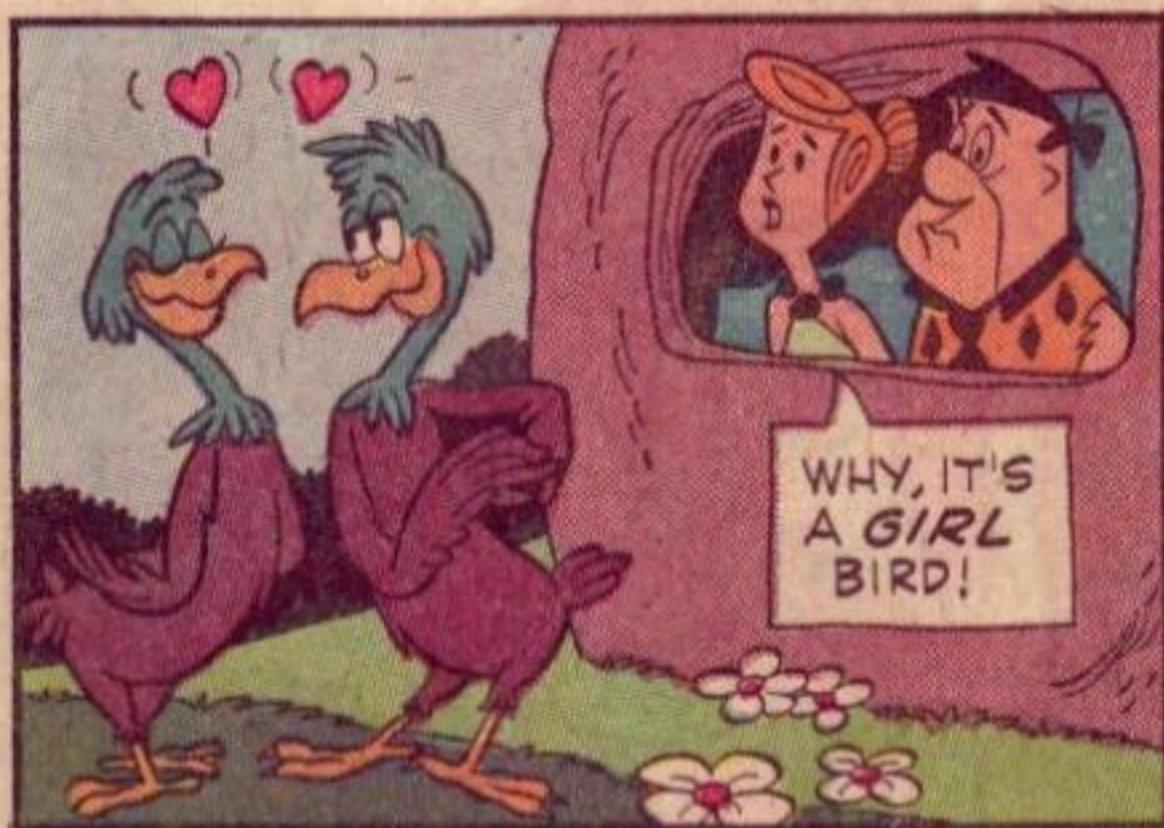
OH, NO! IT'S A BOY!

LATER...

FLOOP! (GULP! SLURP!)

I TELL YOU, WILMA, IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN SOON, WE'LL GO BROKE FEEDING THIS CHARACTER!

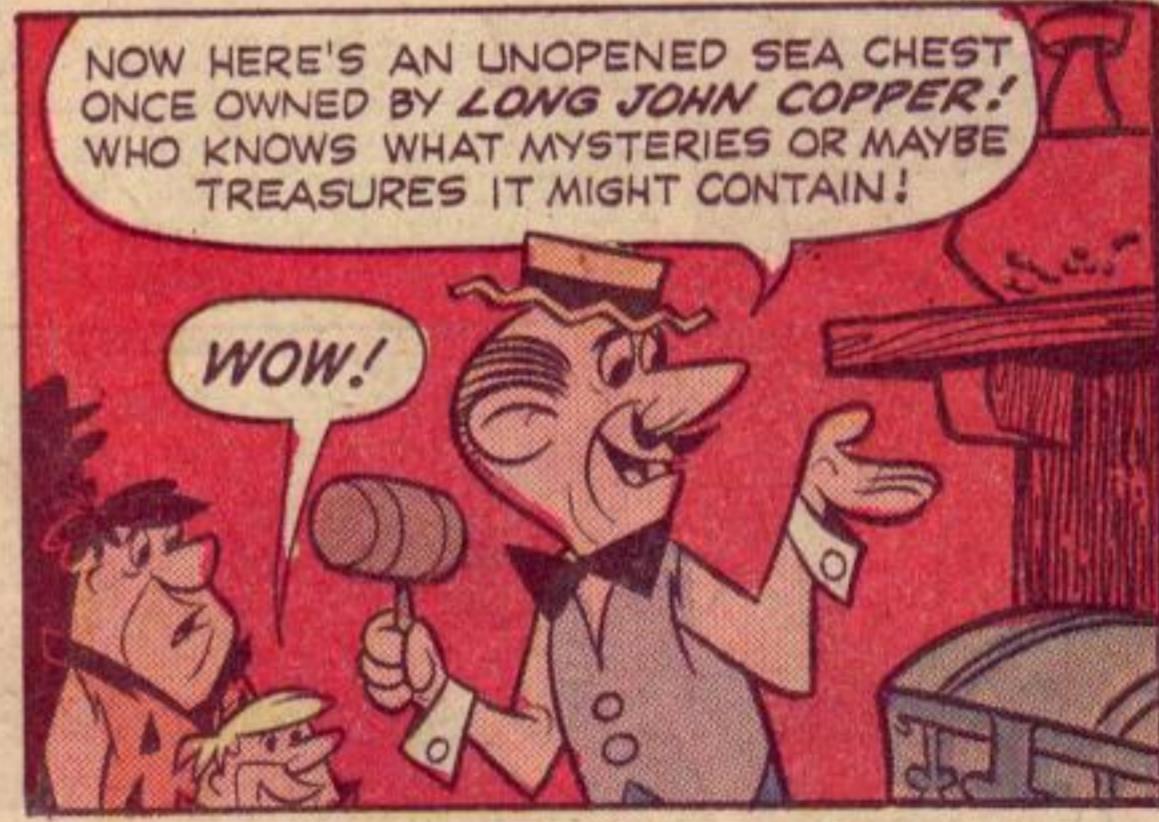
REMEMBER, FRED - YOU BROUGHT IT ALL ON YOURSELF!

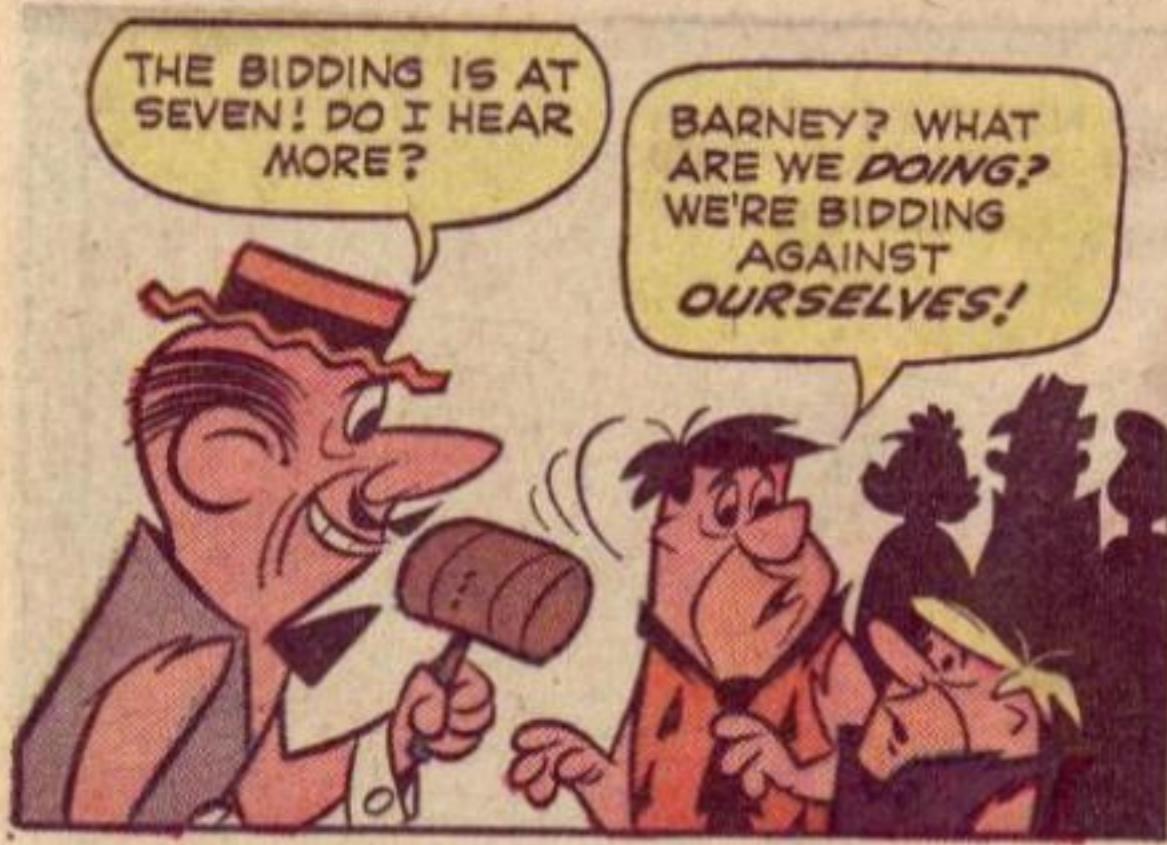


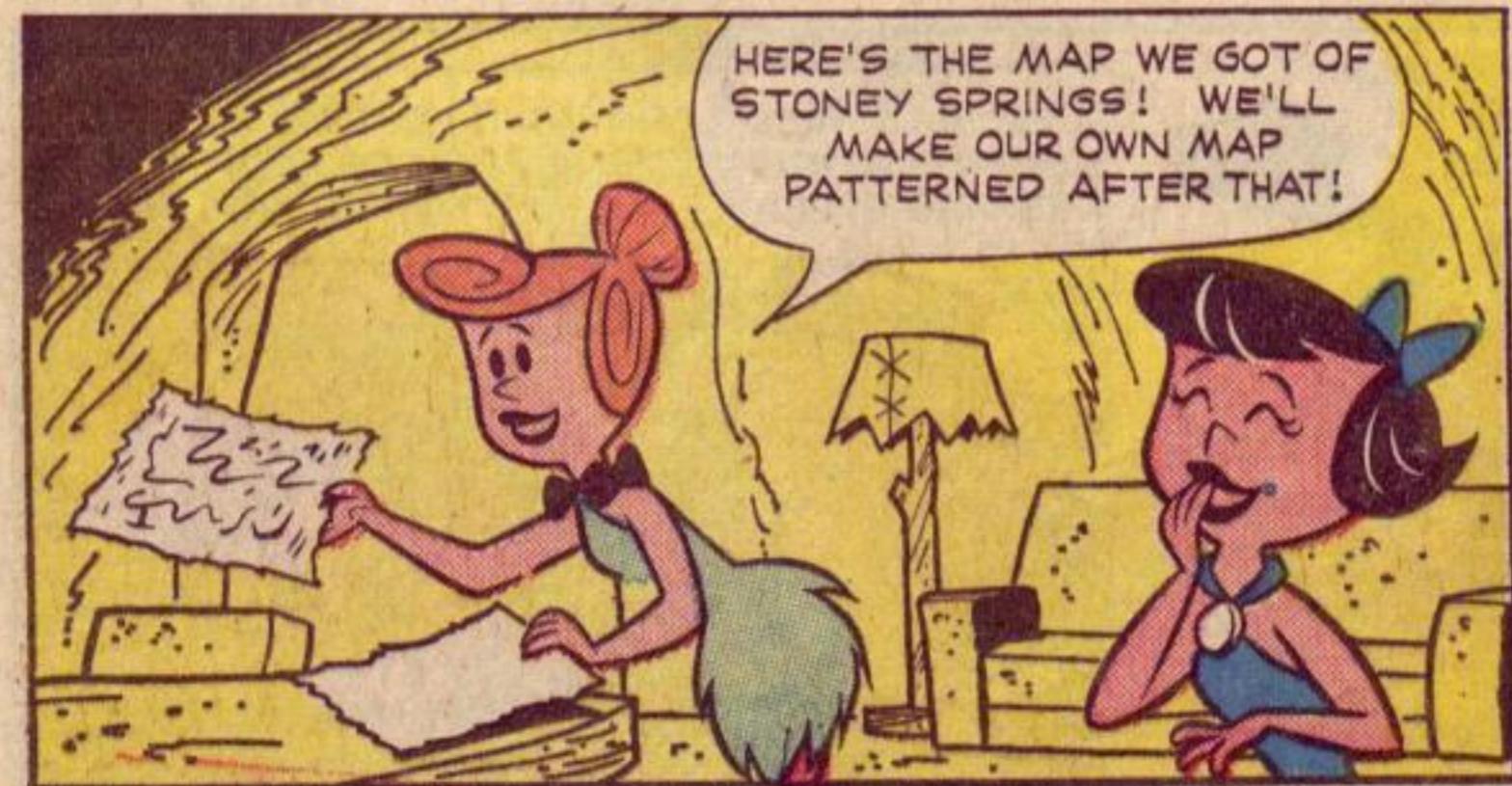
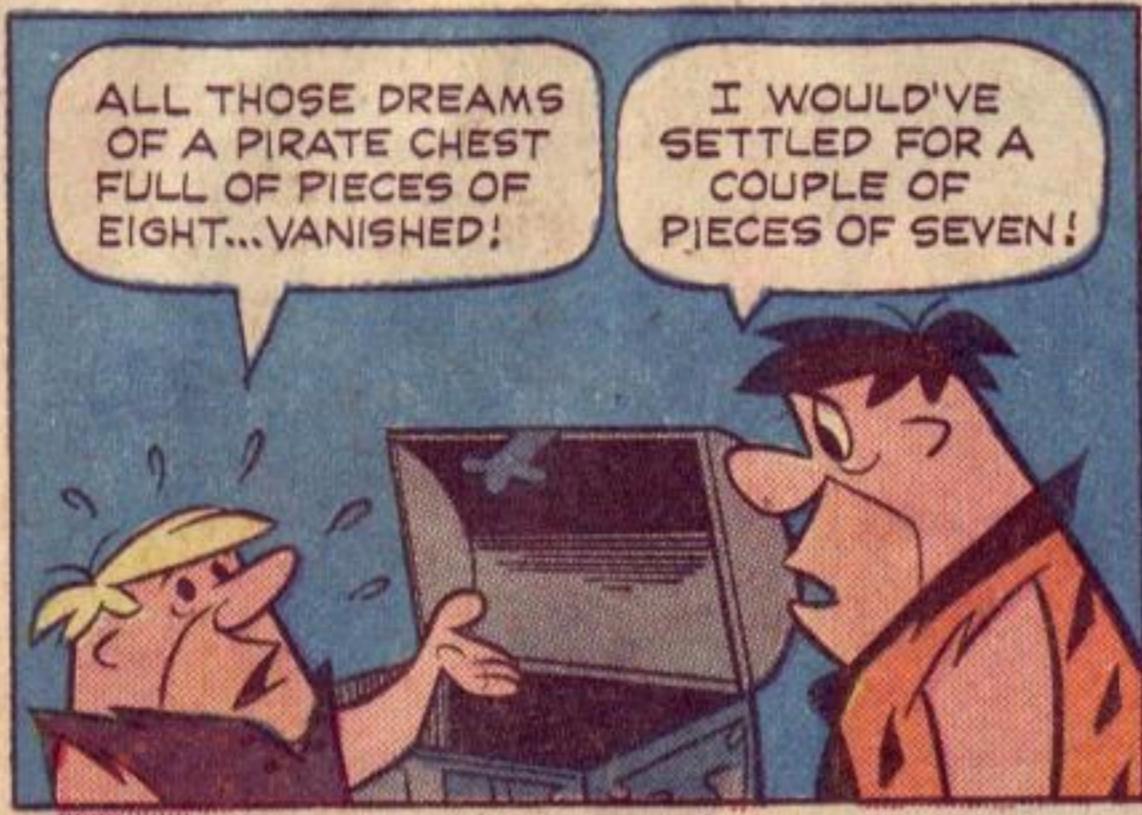
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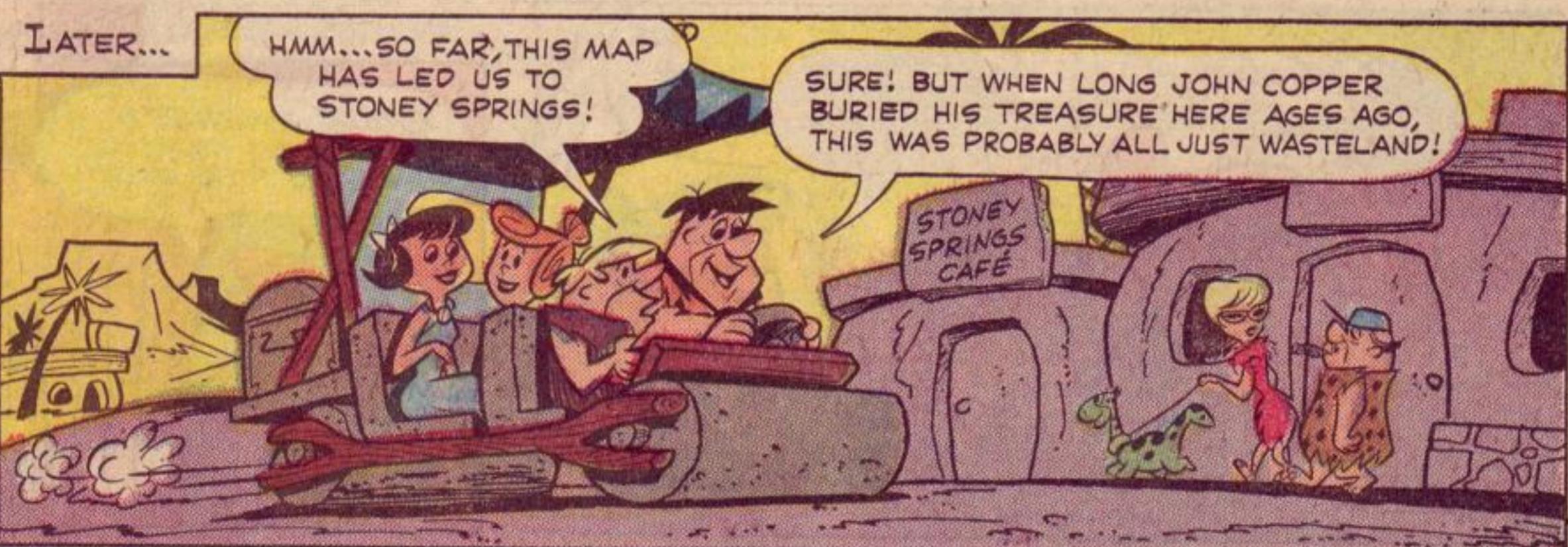
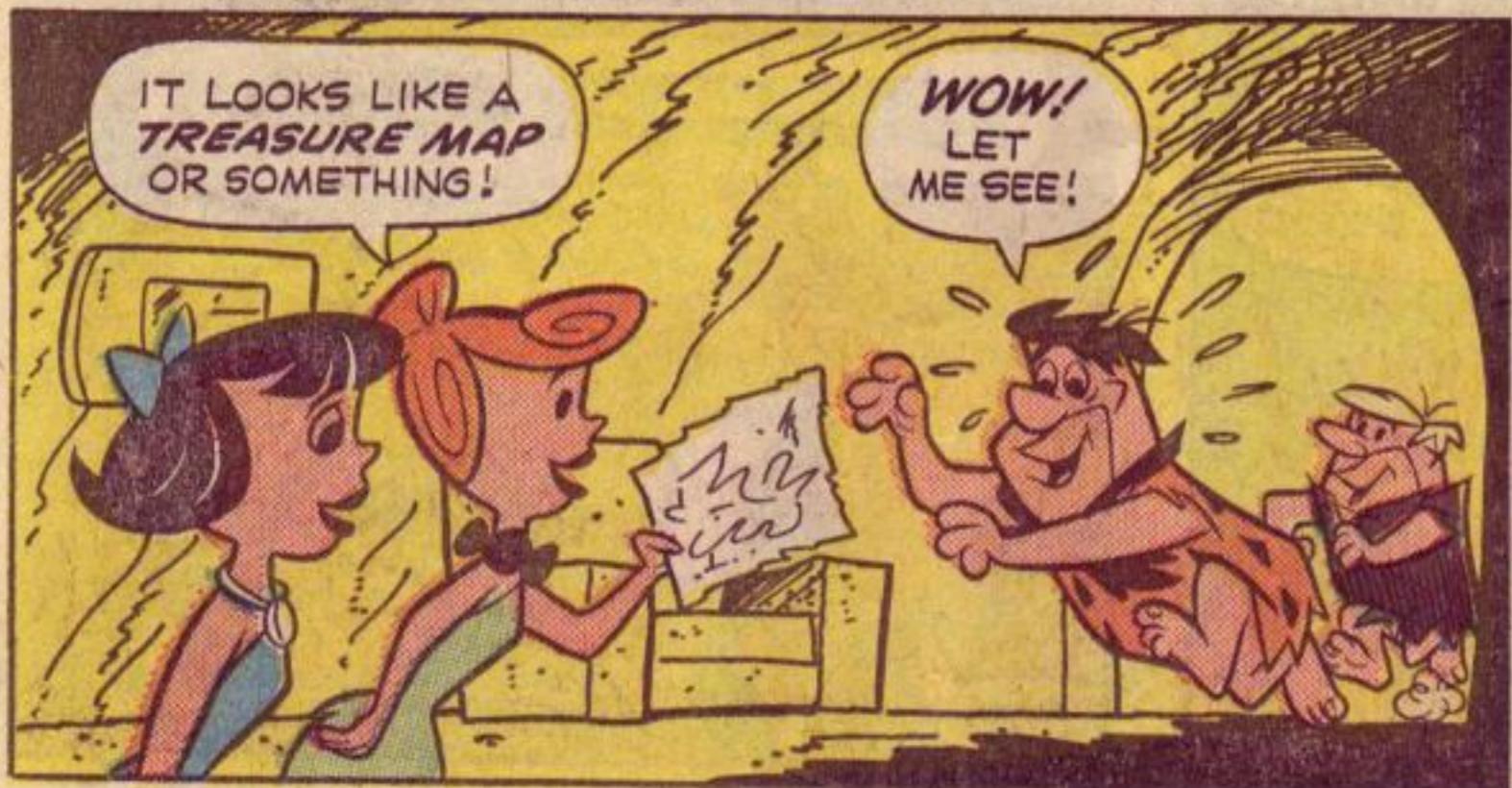
THE FLINTSTONES TREASURE HUNTERS

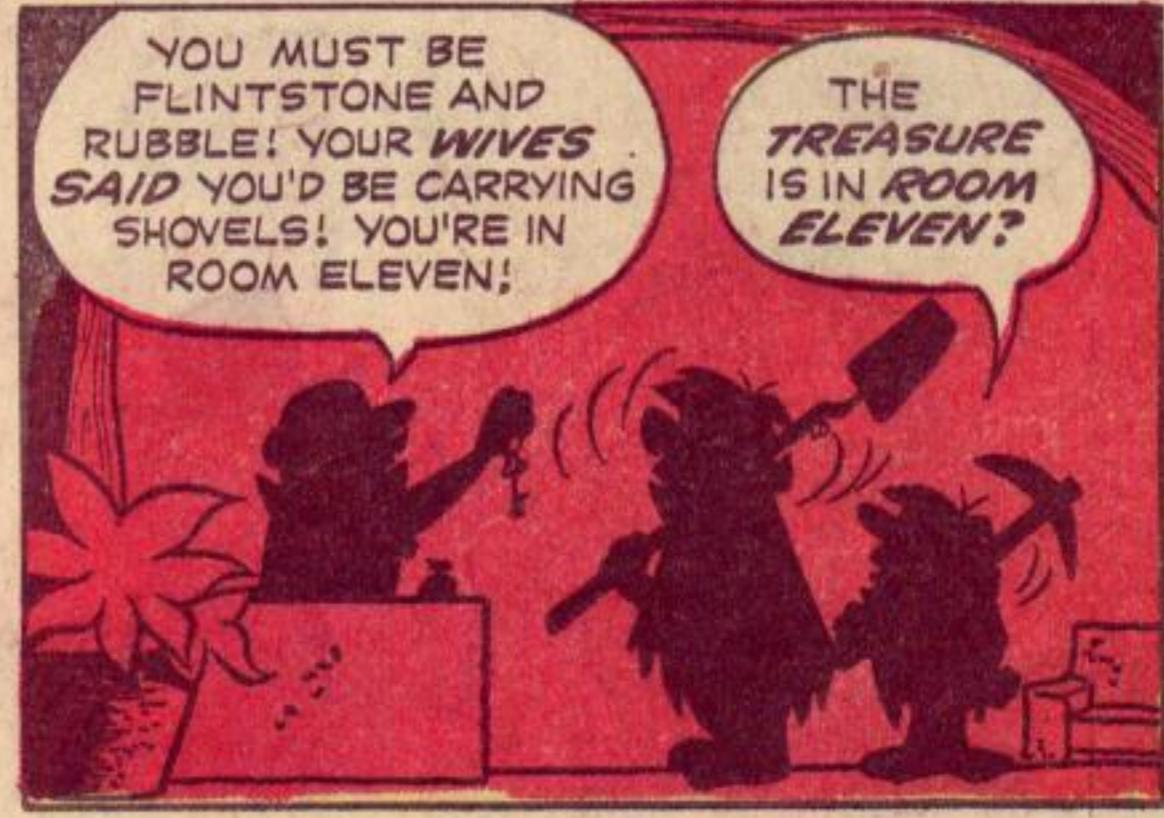
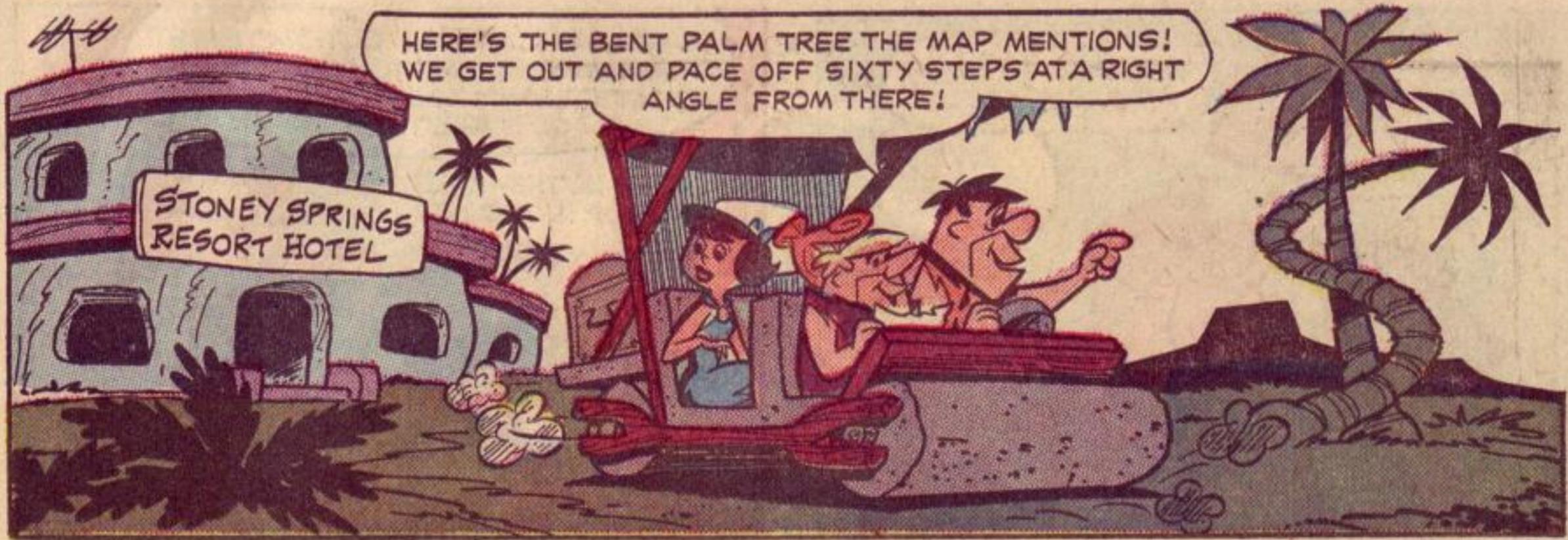


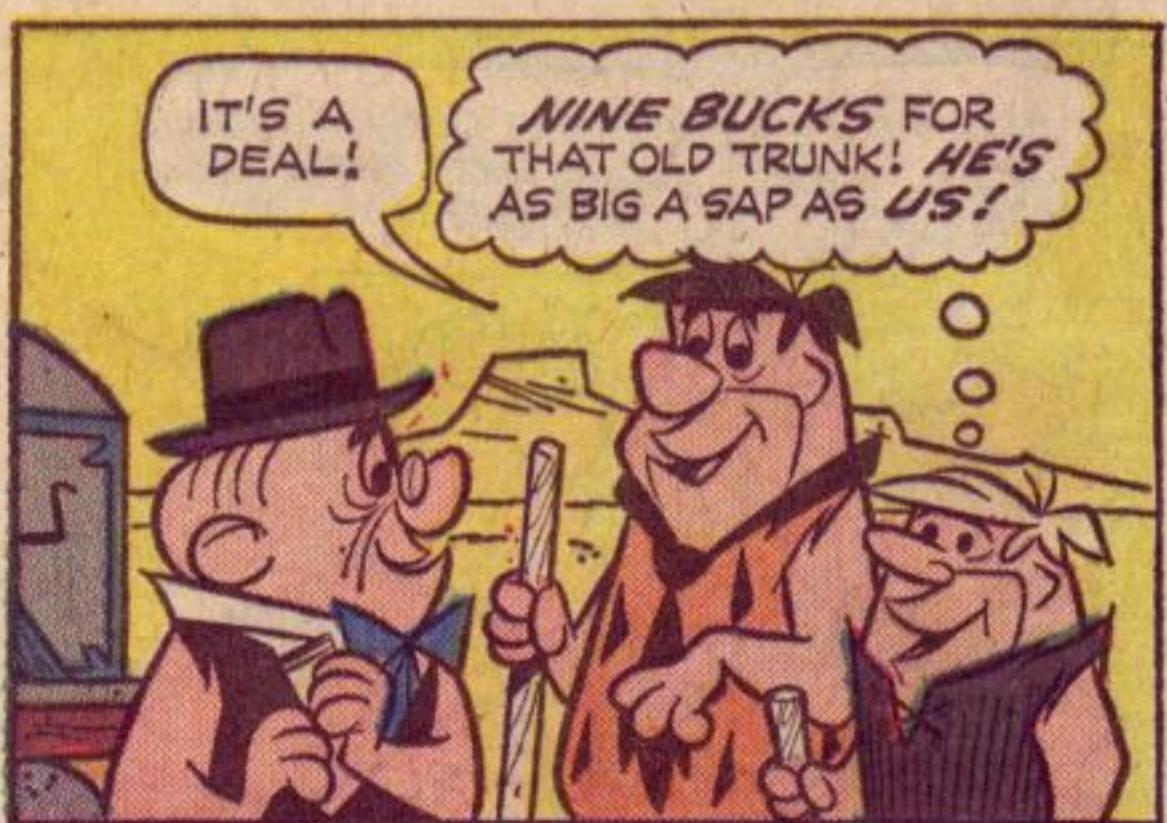
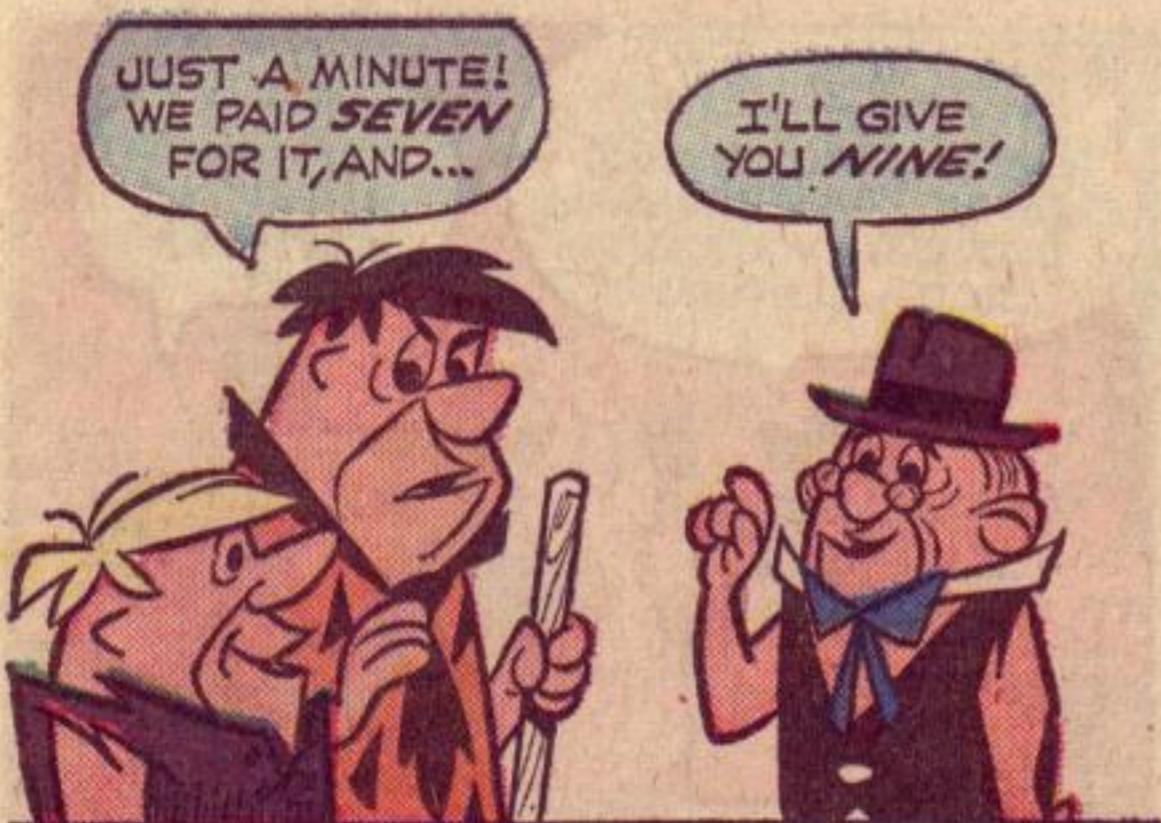


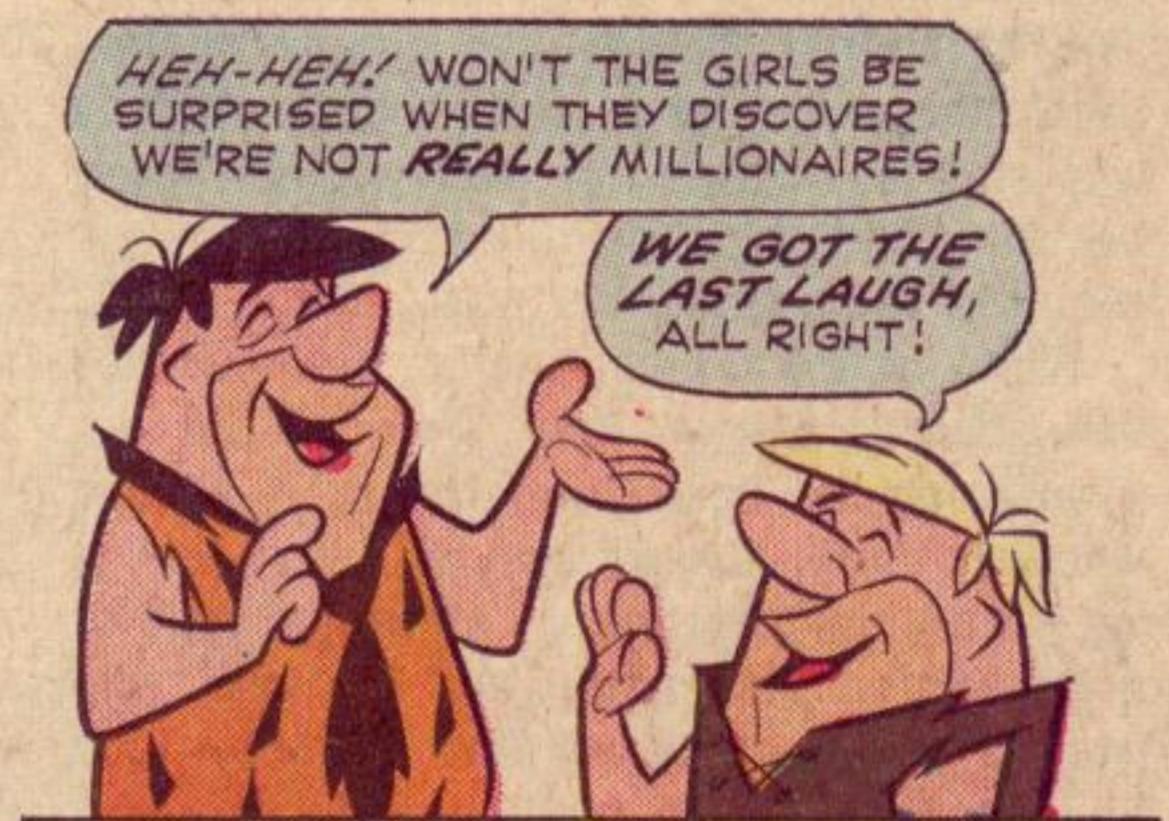
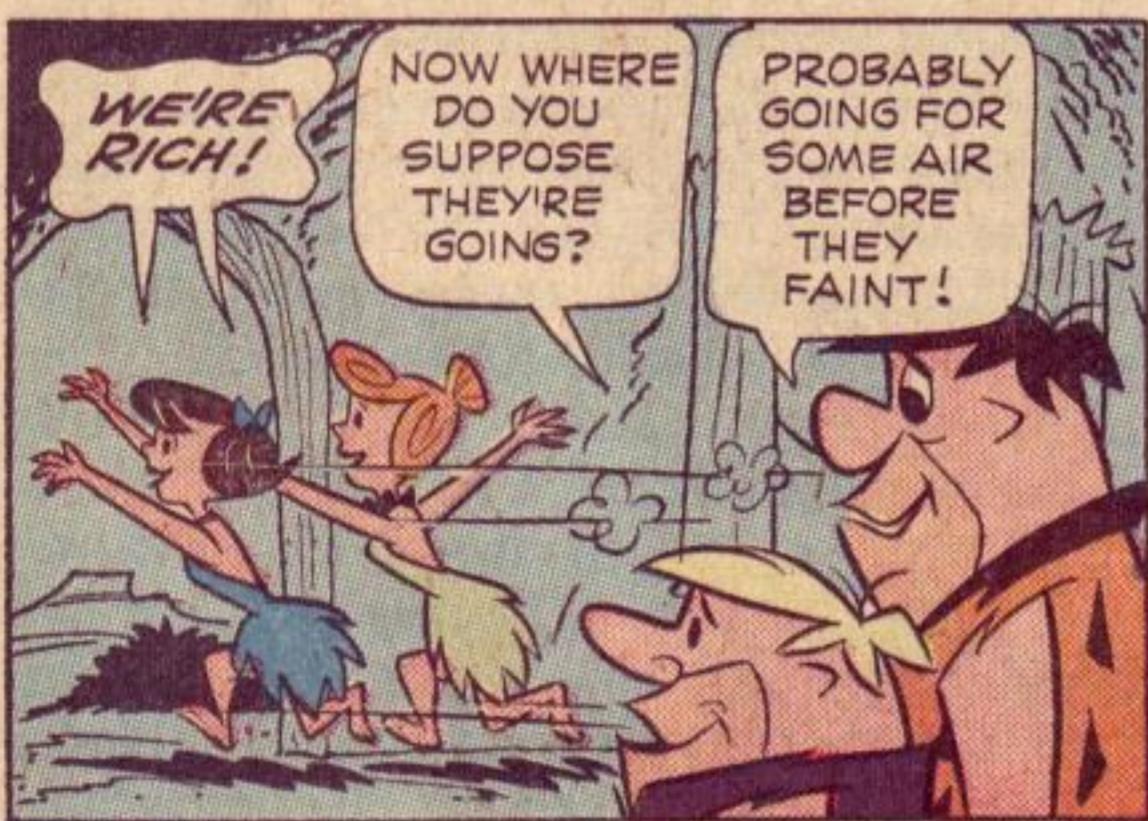
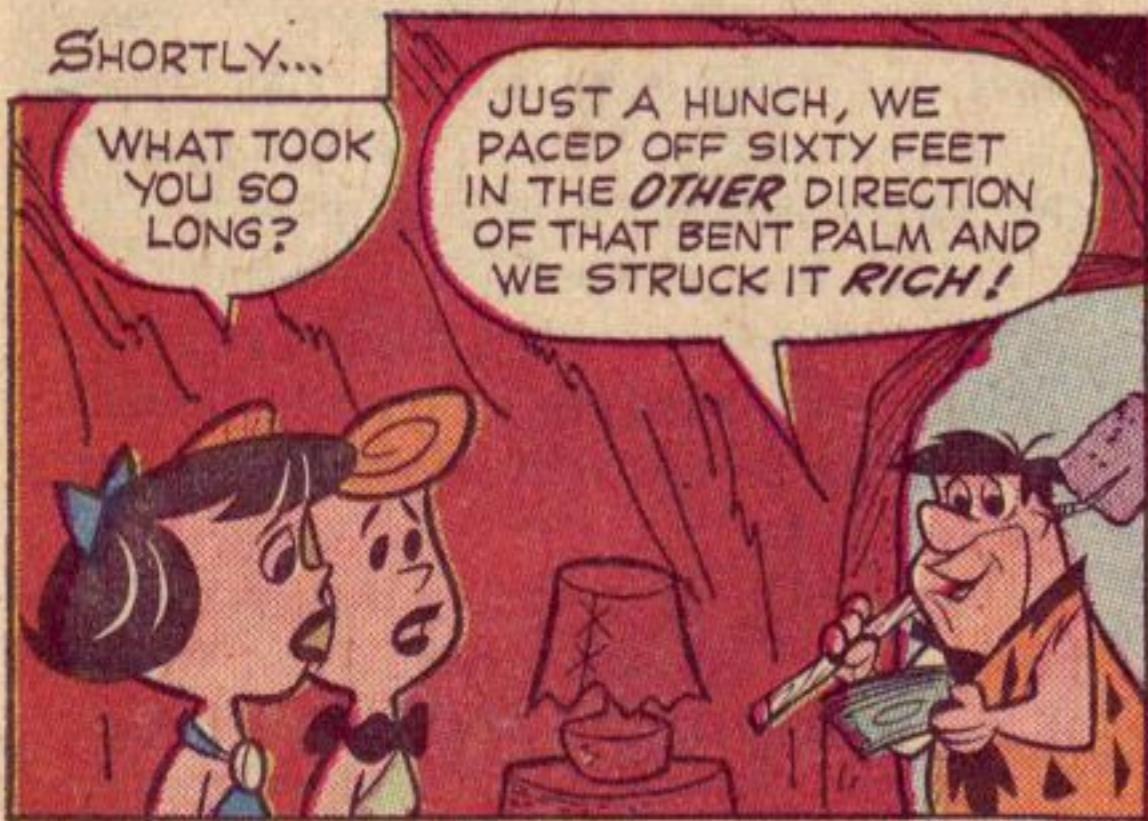
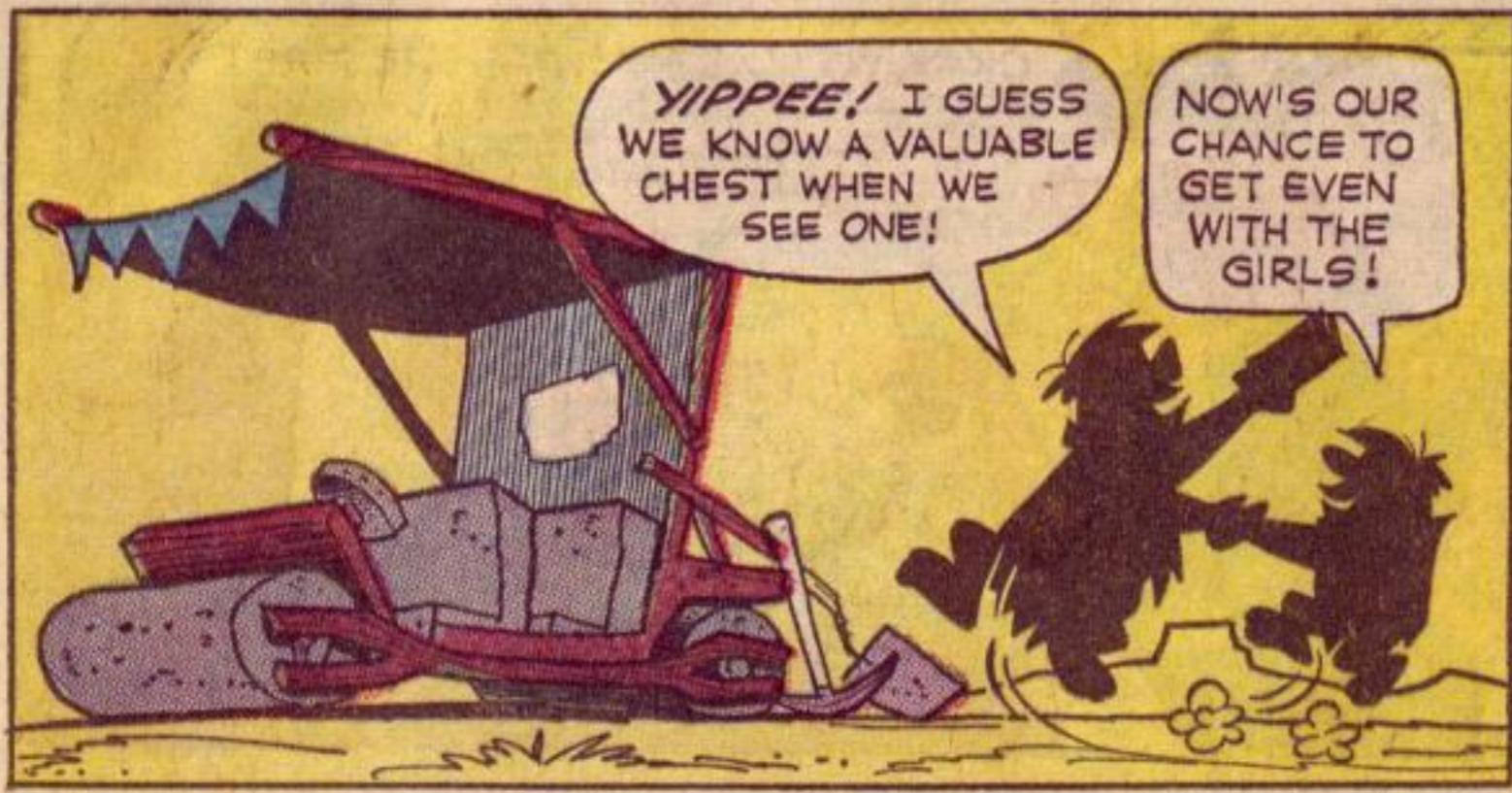












the BEAT BEAT



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Rodney Rocktop had received a letter marked "Official Government Business." Now, nobody ever wrote to Rodney. Why should the government? Rodney pondered hard. Could it be to tell him to pay his income tax? No. He had no income to tax. Could it be a reminder about his social security? No. He wasn't social and he had no security. And it couldn't be a notice about a job, because he had never, ever, applied for one.

For four days, Rodney had been sitting at the same table in the Purple Zen Den, the same cup of cold café espresso before him, staring at his letter. The average person, of course, would have simply opened the letter and read it. But, though Rodney was simple, he was not average. He was a beatnik. And to a beatnik, the energy required to open a letter was just too much.

When, a few moments later, the door was energetically thrown open, Rodney did not even raise his head from the table to see who was there. It was a very tall, very husky, very muscular person . . . a strange type of man, one with a haircut and a shave, who wore a military-type uniform. Rodney took all this in when he mustered his strength to partly raise one eyelid.

"Stand up and be counted," the man commanded in a booming voice that rattled the plaster and set the spider webs swaying.

Stand up? It was all Rodney could do to lift the other eyelid.

"Oh, no, man," protested Rodney weakly. "Like, I'm a beat beat."

"On your feet," insisted the military man, who continued, as Rodney reluctantly dragged himself into an upright position. "How can I recruit you into the standing army when you're sitting down?"

At the words "standing army," Rodney slowly crumpled back into his chair.

"Why didn't you report for the draft like that letter ordered?" the man asked.

At last. Rodney knew.

"The army will make a man of you."

"Man, who needs it?" Rodney sneered.

"I'm the army's first sergeant," the man boasted.

Historically, he probably was, and before he left, Rodney would have been the first to say that he should have been the last.

"I don't dig you, dad," Rodney said.

"You'll dig in the army," First Sergeant assured Rodney, "trenches and foxholes."

"Who needs foxholes, excepting foxes?"

First Sergeant was not amused. "You'll need them," he replied, "on maneuvers."

"Like, what's maneuvers, man?" Rodney was always curious about new words.

"Well, for instance, when you march twenty miles carrying a full pack."

"Ugh," moaned Rodney. "What a drag."

By this time, both Rodney and First Sergeant were beginning to get the same idea. This battle between brain and brawn ended in a draw. Rodney (he was the brainy one) was too tired to speak, so brawny First Sergeant said it for both of them.

"Seems to me you could serve the army best by staying out of it. I'll put you down as an unconscious objector."

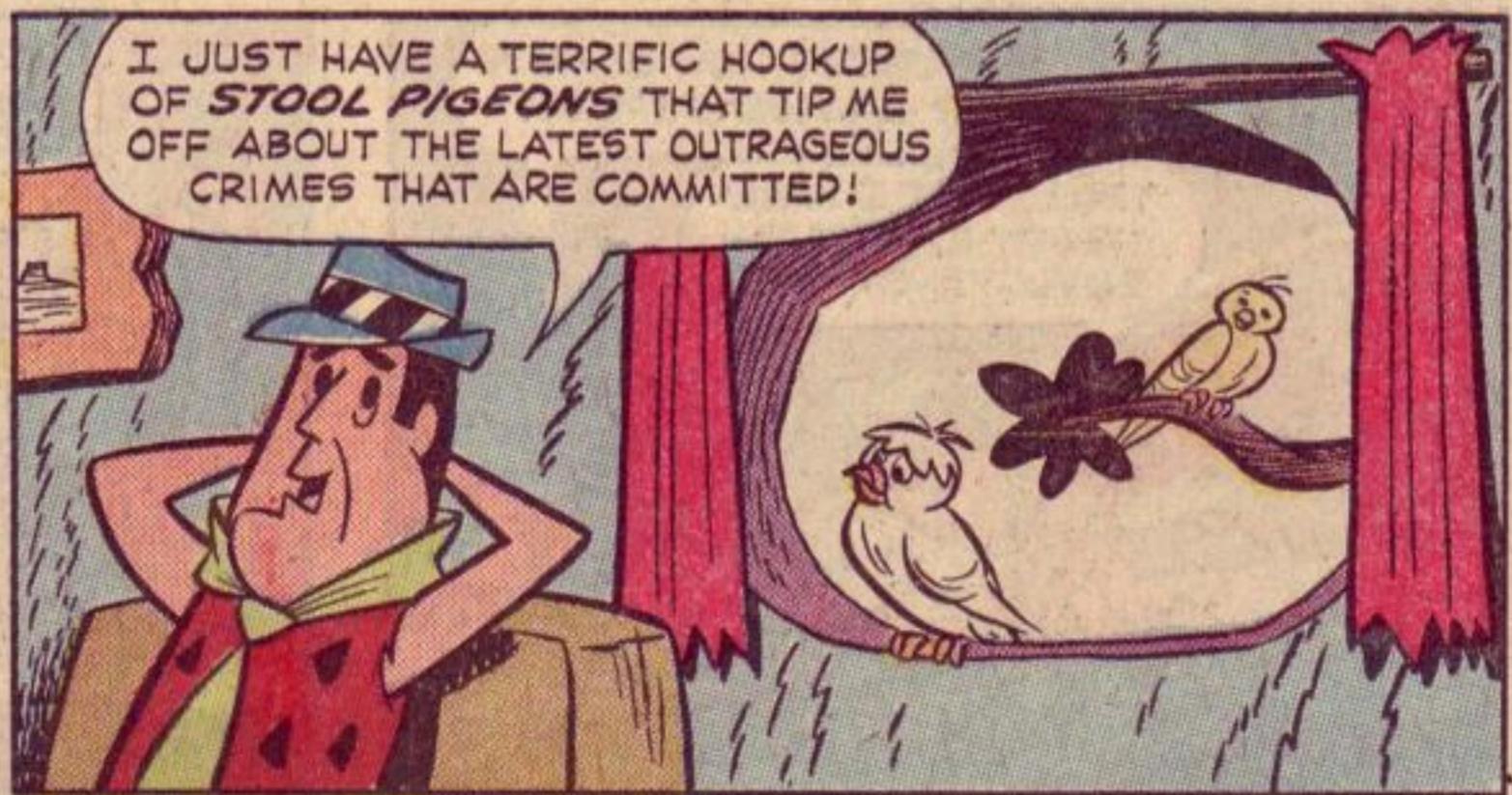
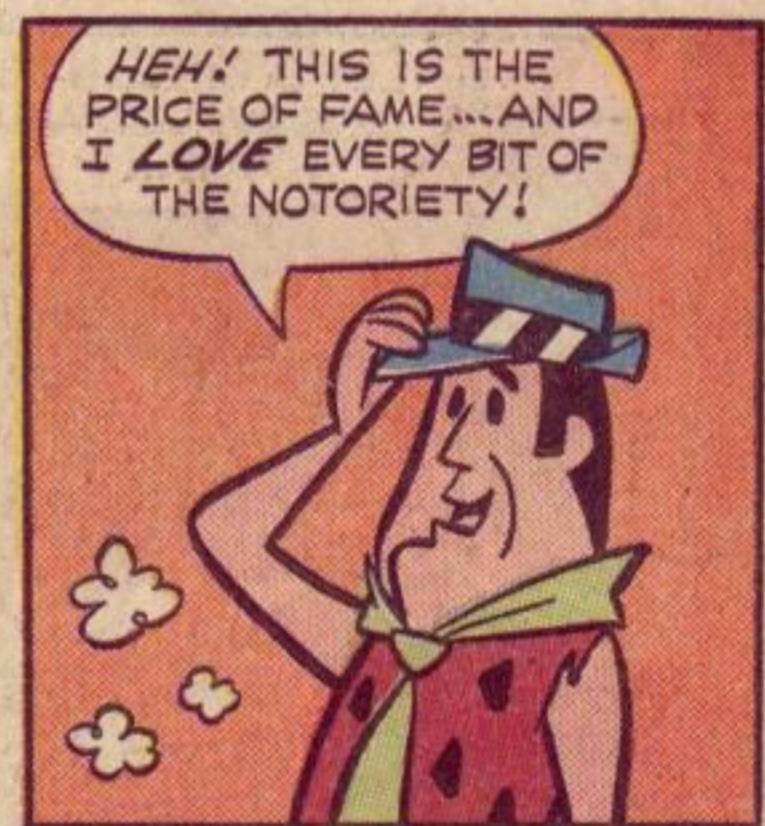
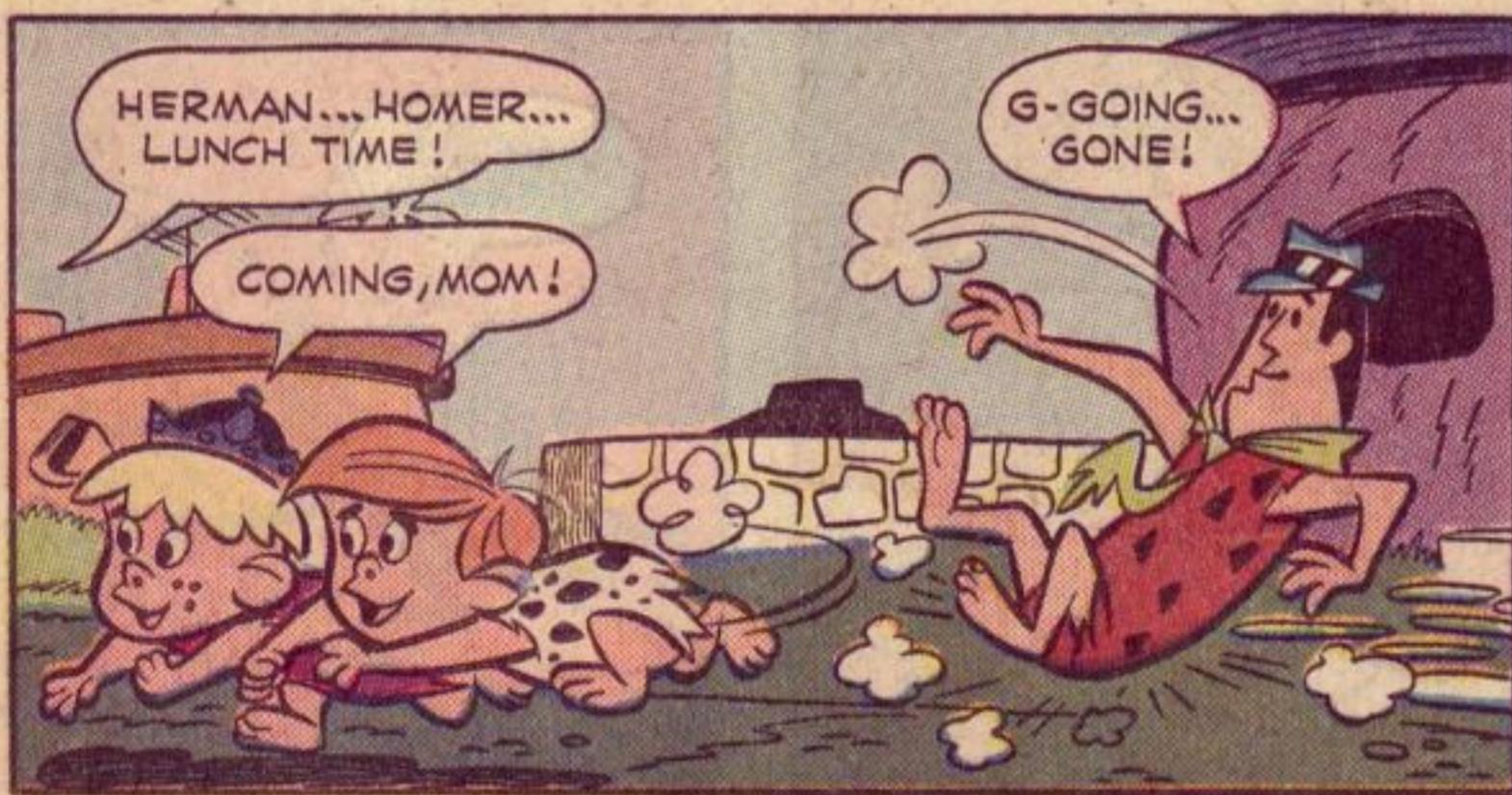
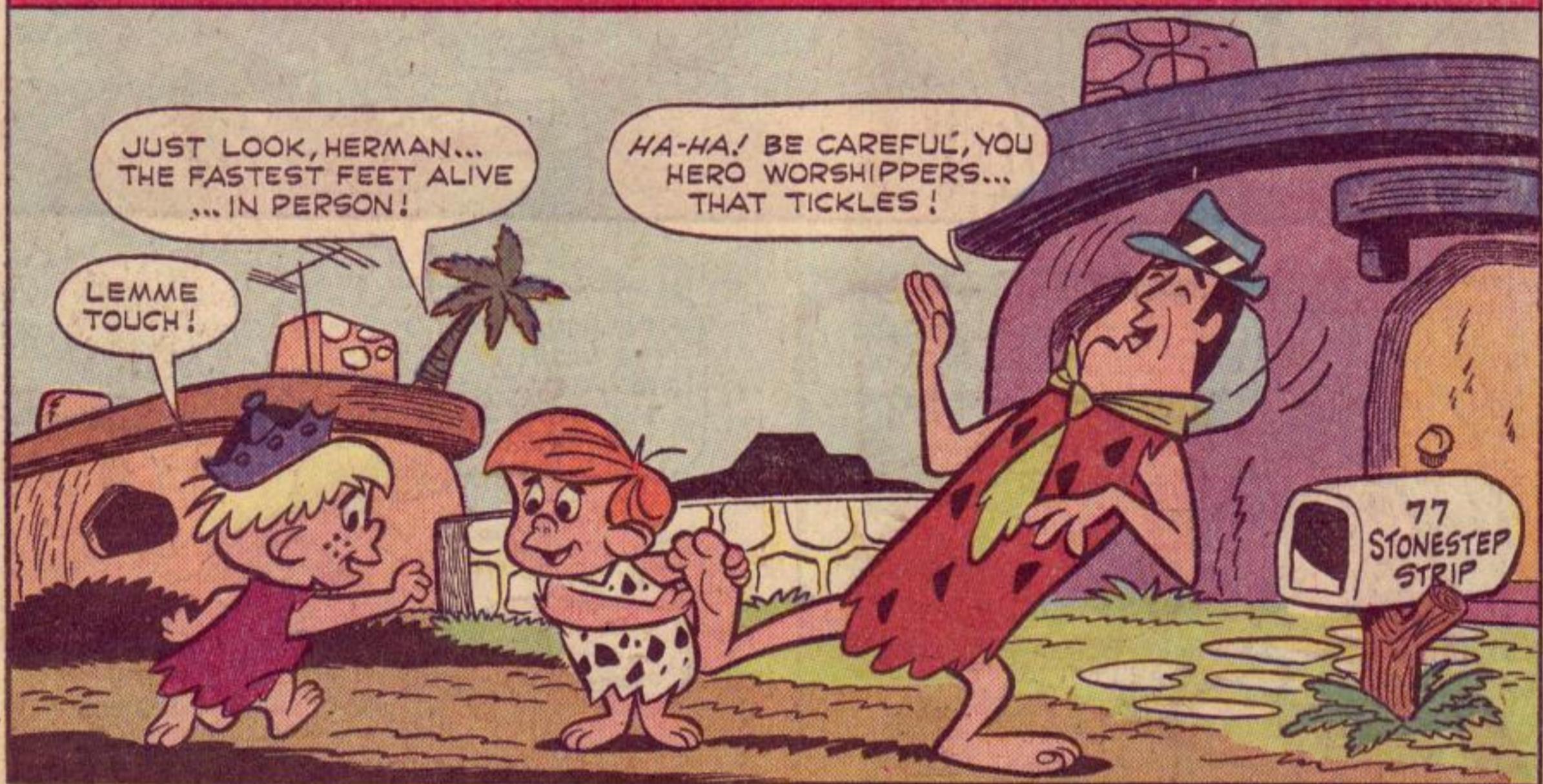
With that, the army clicked its heels and marched out of Rodney's life.

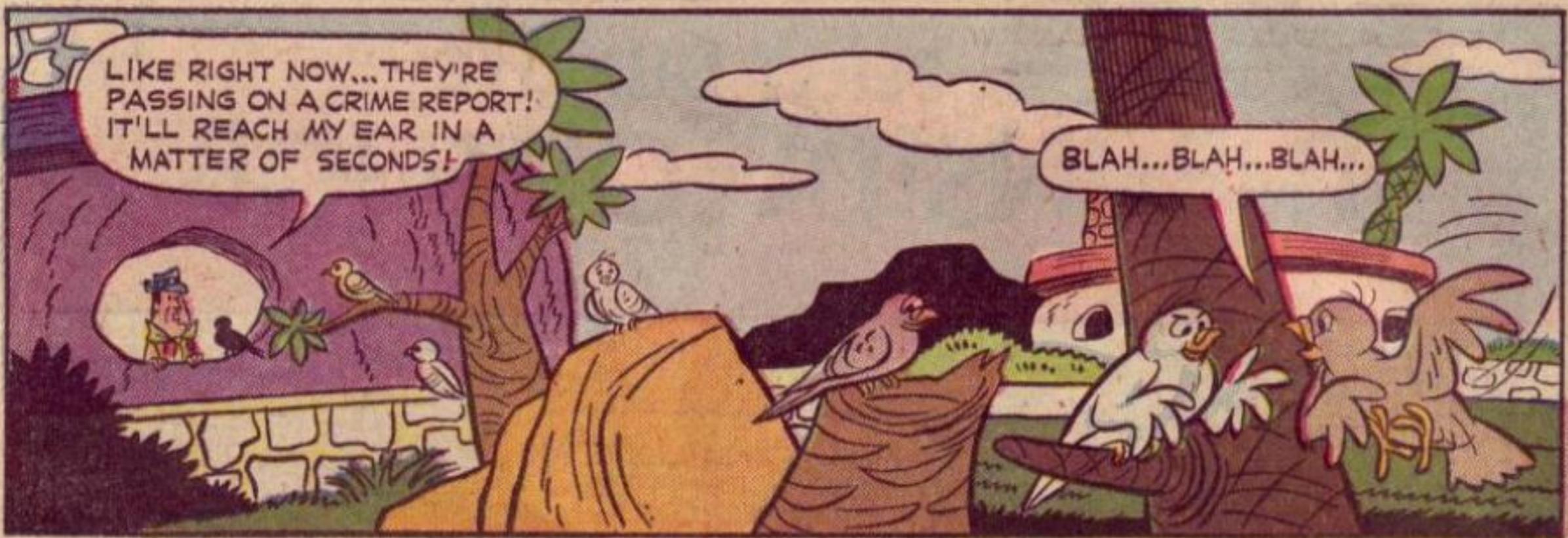
Rodney continued to sit in the Purple Zen Den, his cold cup of café espresso on the table, waiting for his beat buddies.

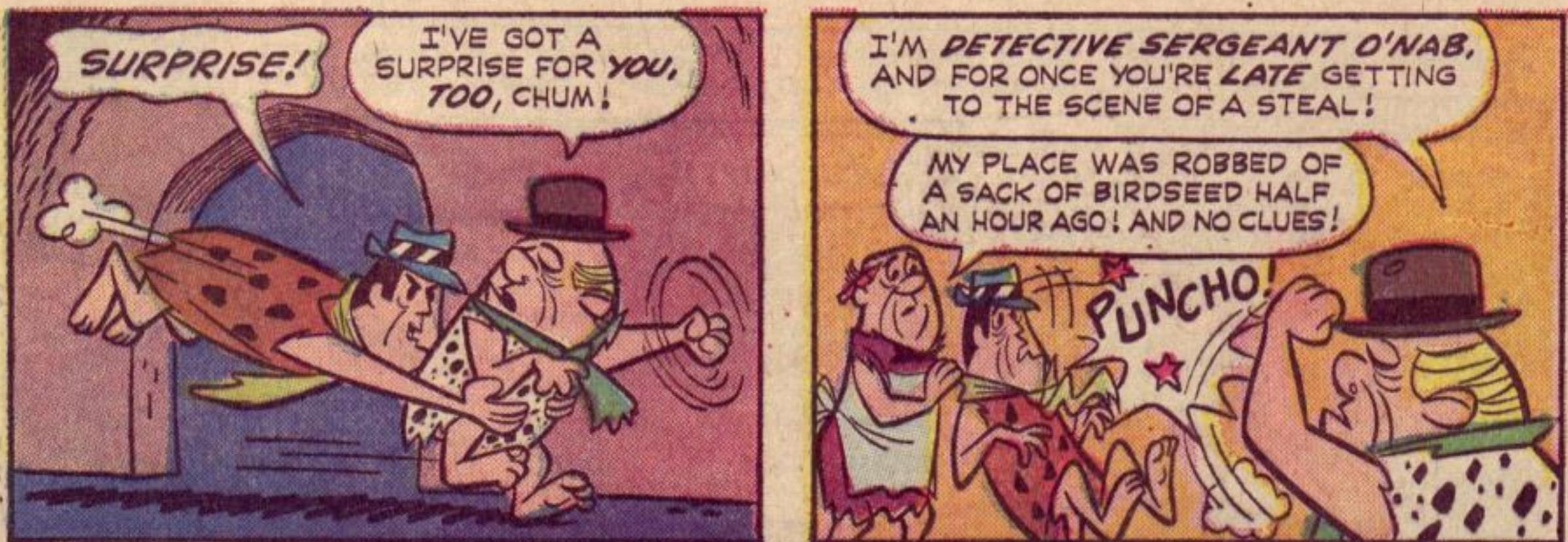
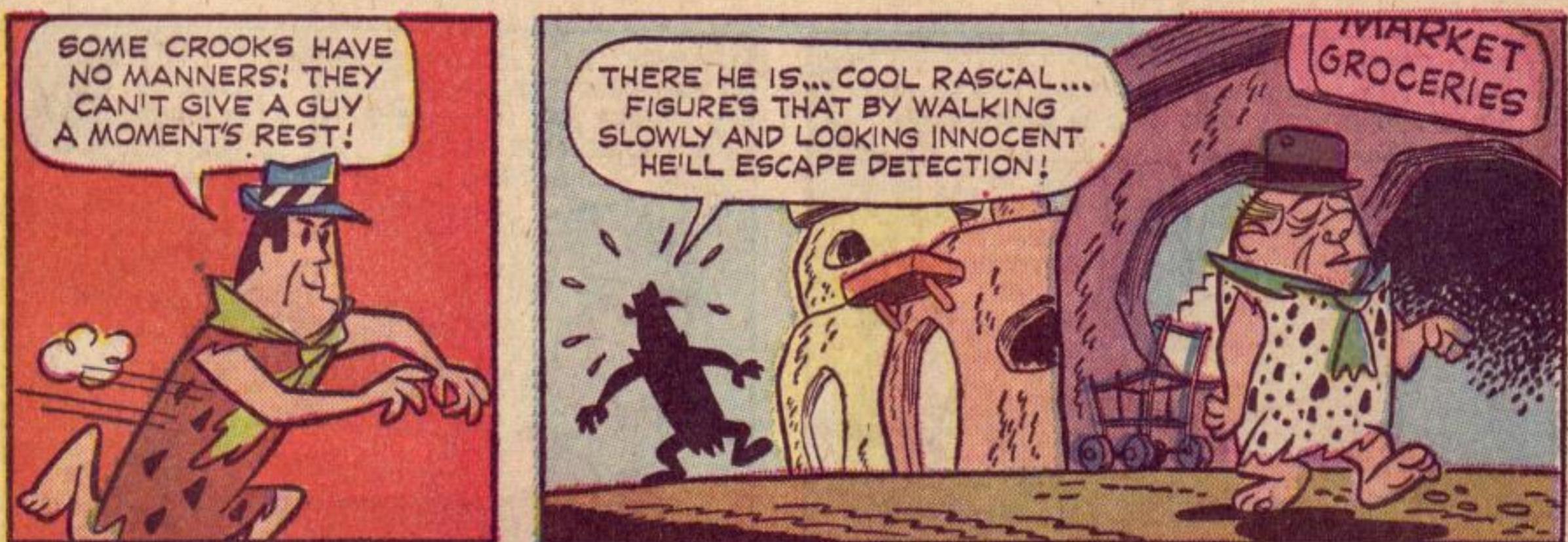
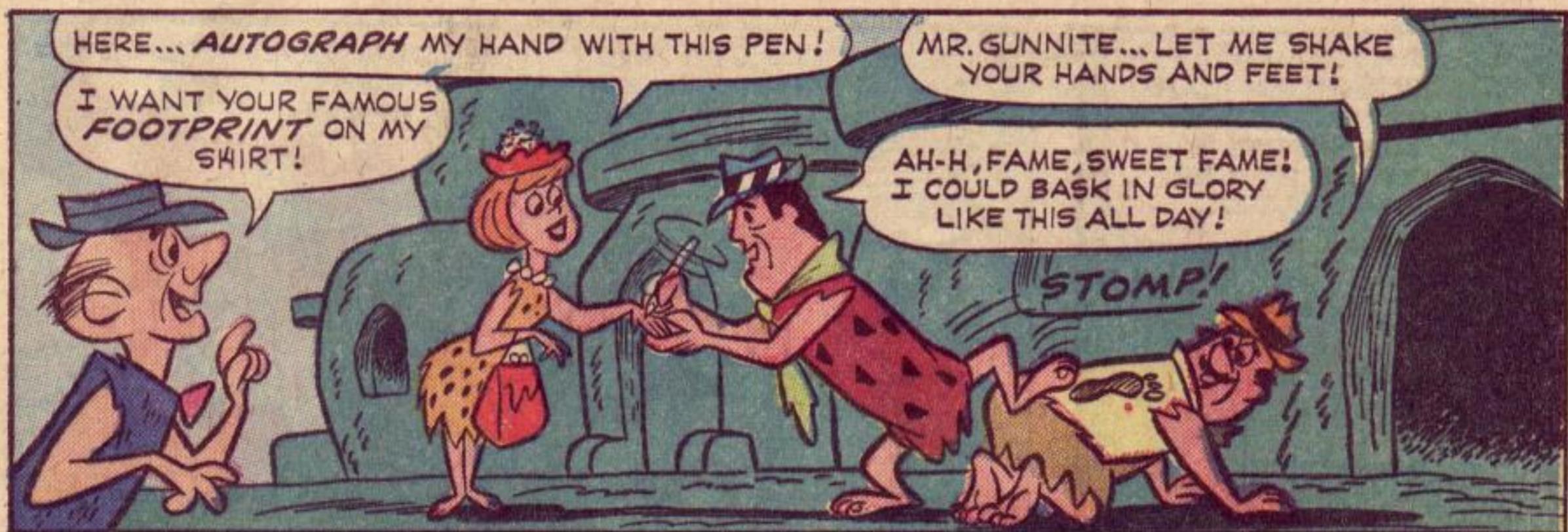
Historians claim that this episode inspired the famous saying, "He also serves who only sits and waits."

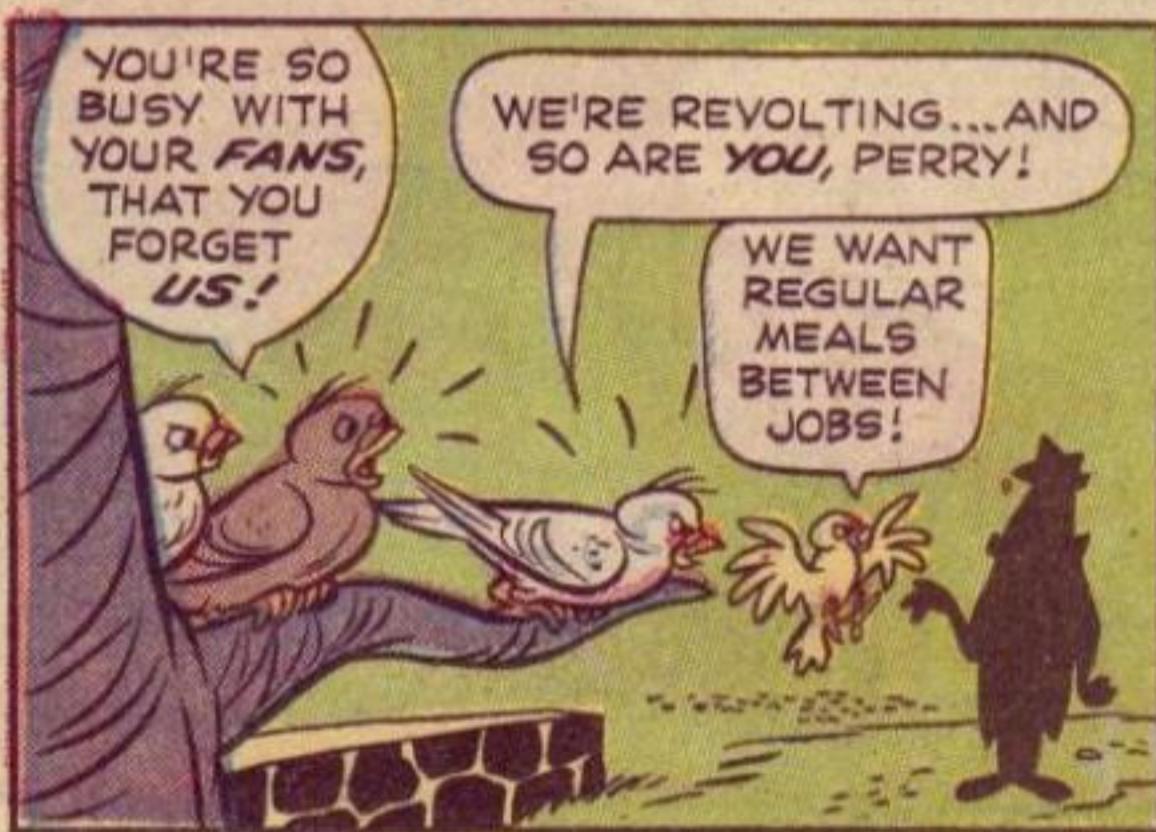
Hanna-Barbera

PERRY GUNNITE THE INSIDE-OUT-JOB









Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES WHEN YOU WISH UPON A FISH

SO LONG, WILMA! I'M
MEETING BARNEY DOWN
AT THE LAKE FOR SOME
FISHING!

BUT, FRED, WHY
ARE YOU TAKING
YOUR OLD, VOICE-
THROWING
VENTRILLO-
BUTTON?

HEH-HEH! THAT'S TO PLAY
A LITTLE PRACTICAL JOKE
ON BARNEY, IN CASE THE
FISHING GETS DULL!

FRED, YOU
SHOULDN'T ALWAYS
BE PULLING JOKES
ON POOR BARNEY!

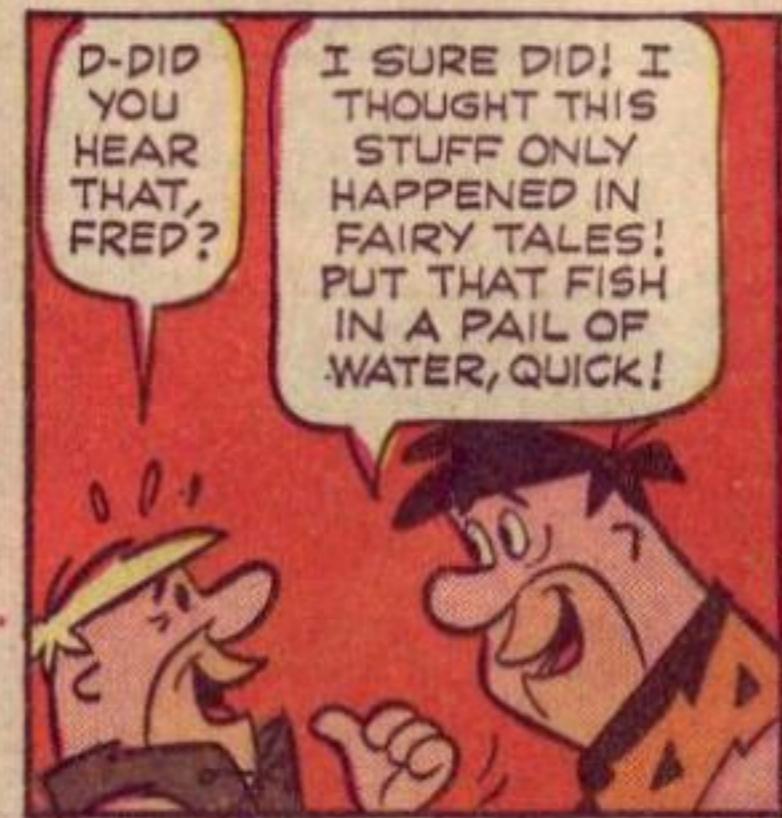
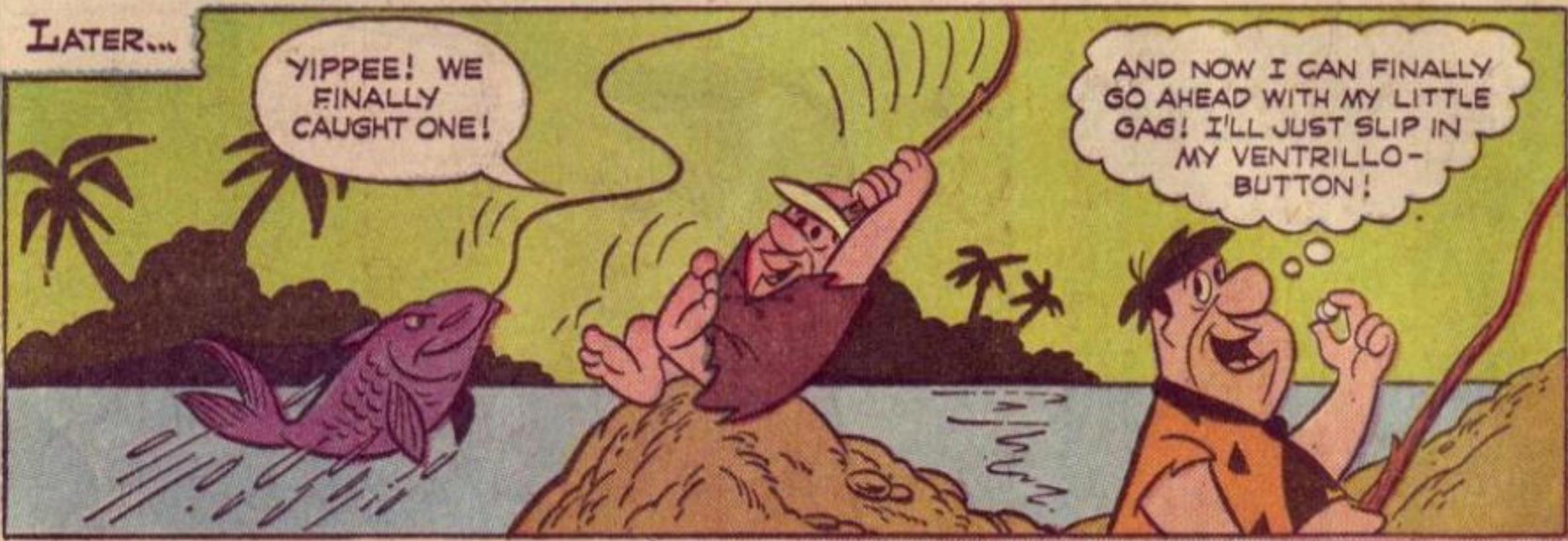
WHY? IT DOESN'T
HURT ME A BIT!
HA-HA!

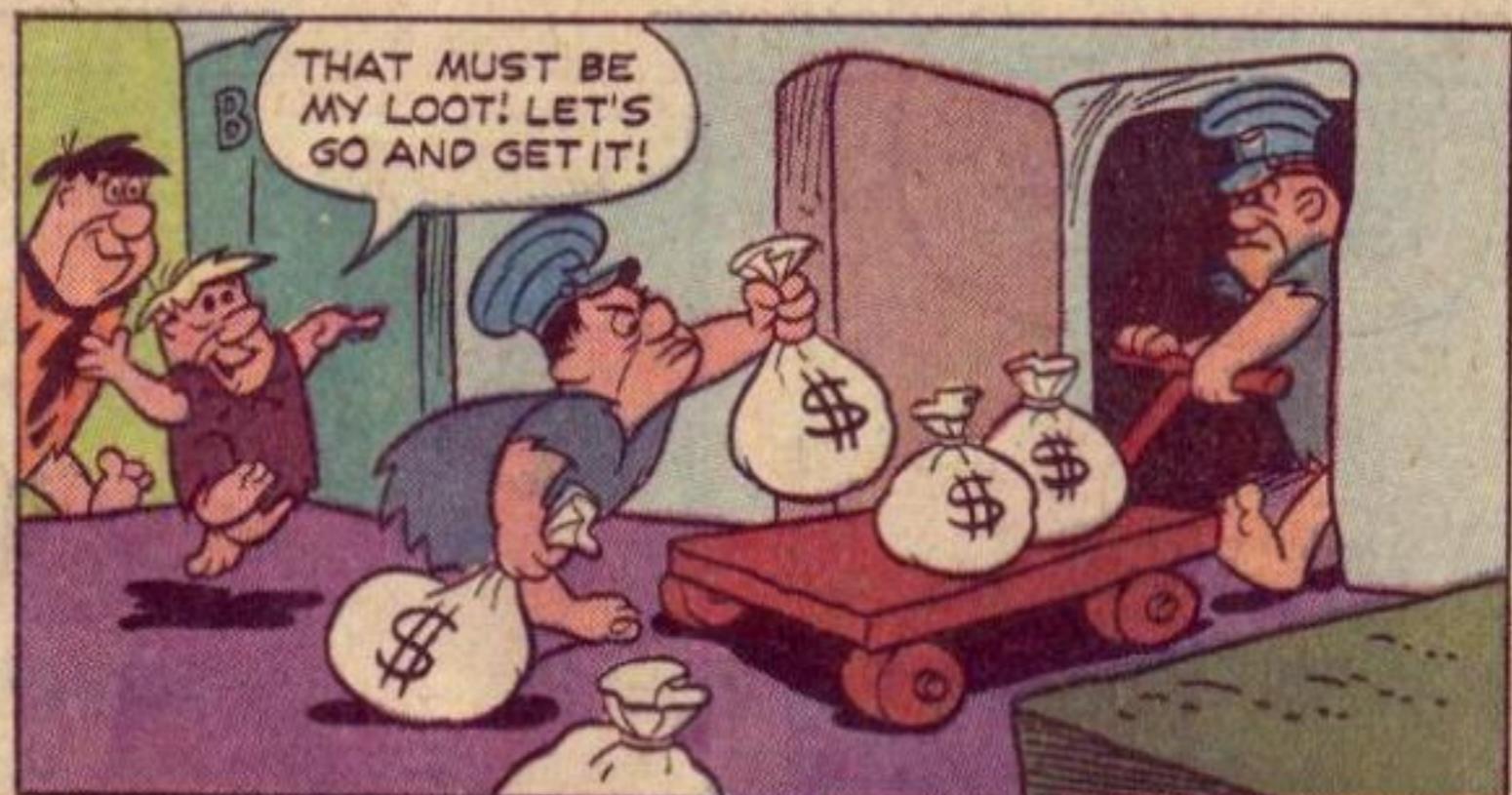
HUMPH! SOMEDAY
SOMEBODY WILL
TEACH YOU A
LESSON ABOUT
PRACTICAL JOKES!

AND MAYBE THAT
SOMEBODY WILL
BE ME!

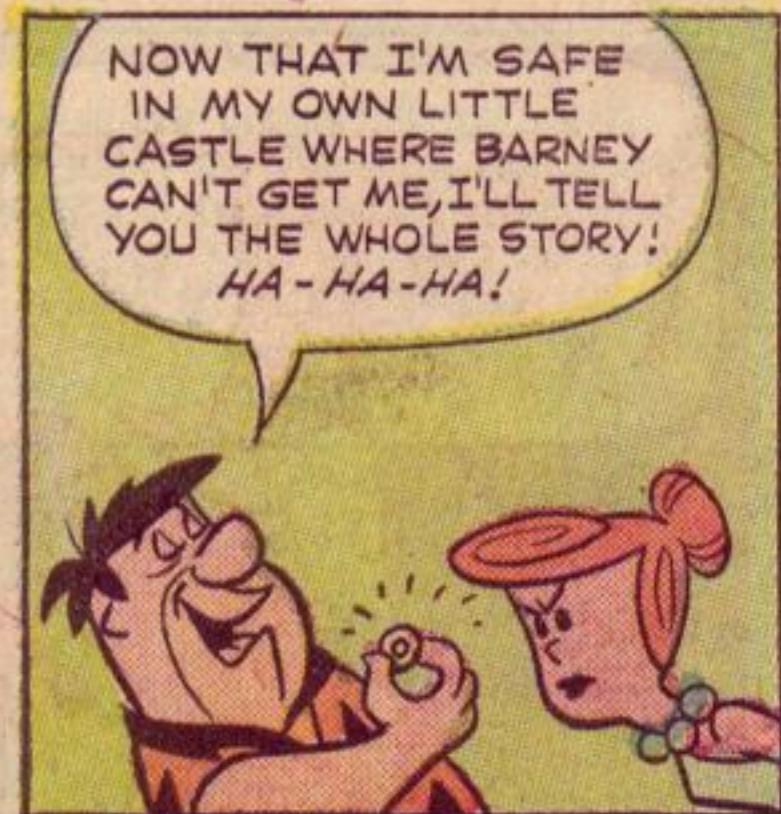
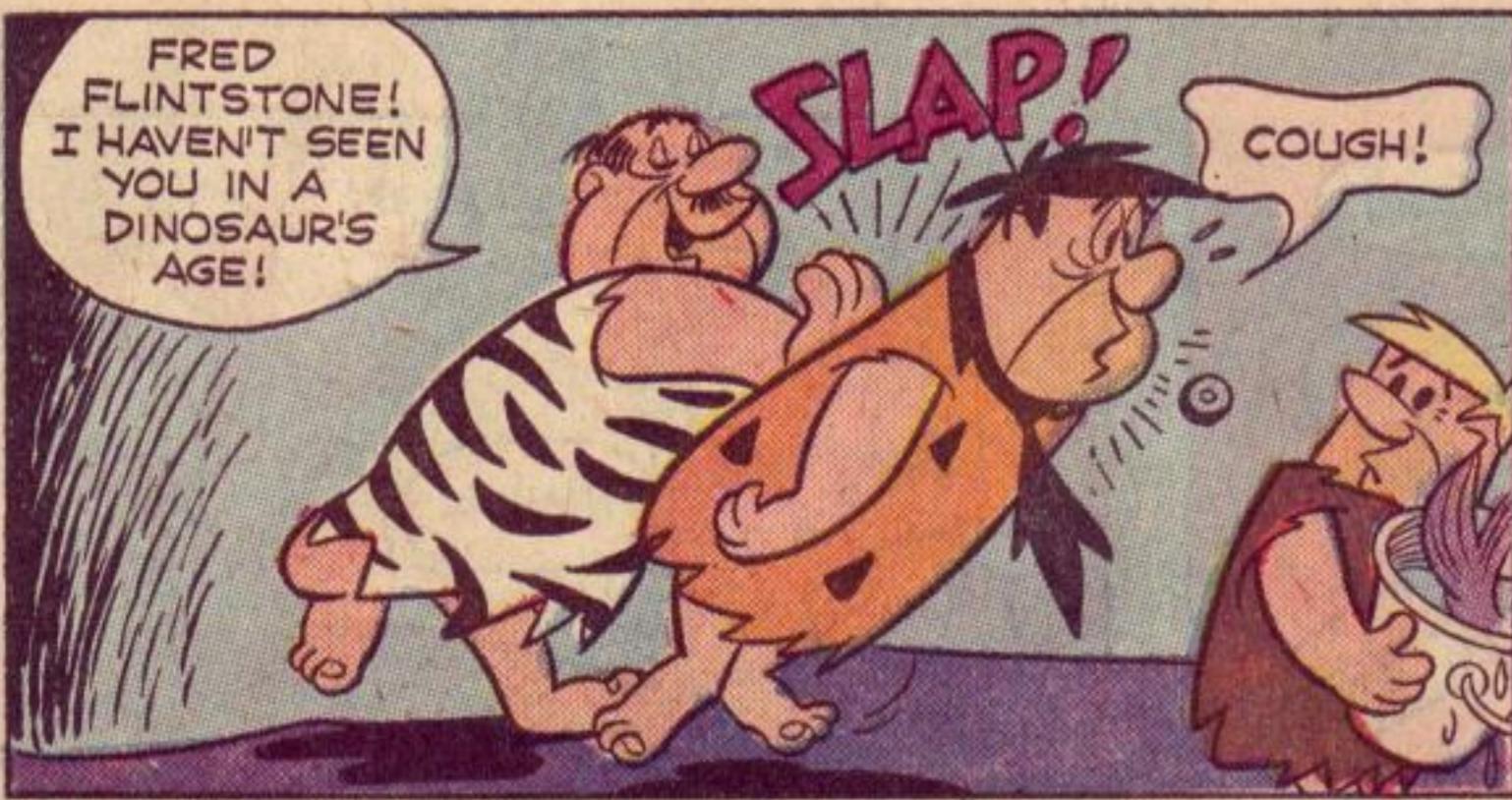
THIS GAG I'M
GOING TO PULL
ON BARNEY IS
A REAL DOOZY!
I CAN HARDLY
WAIT!











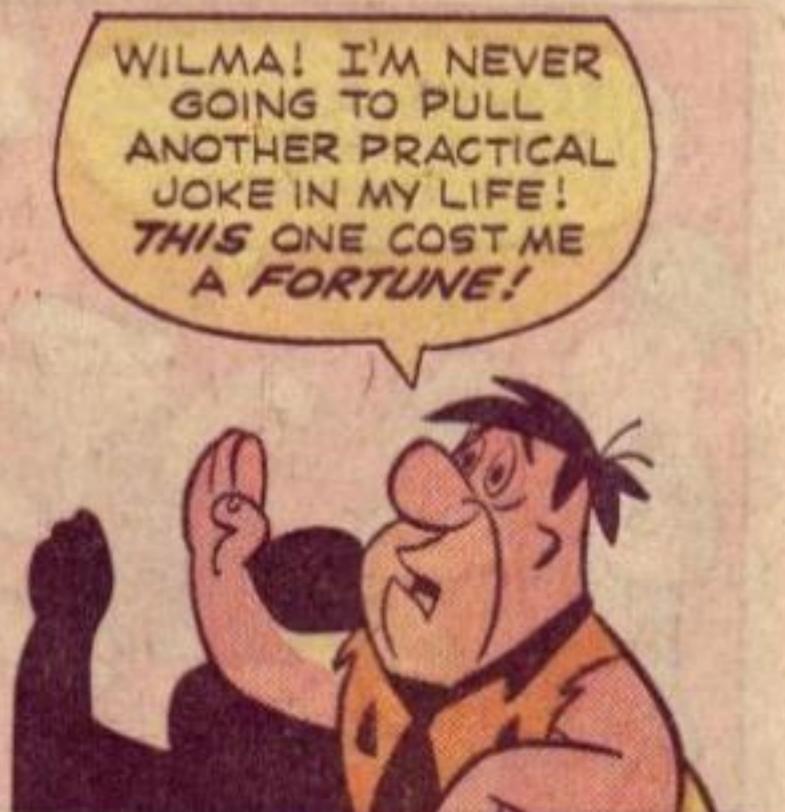
FRED TELLS ALL...



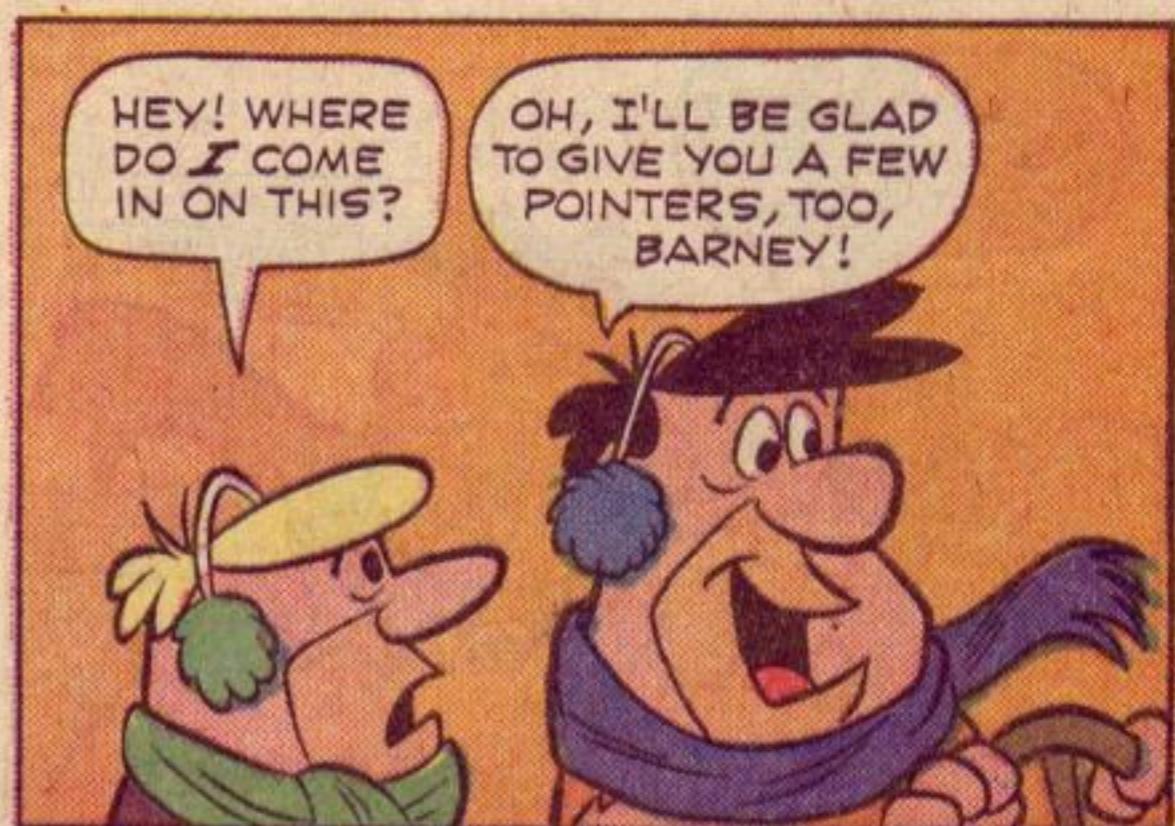
SOON...

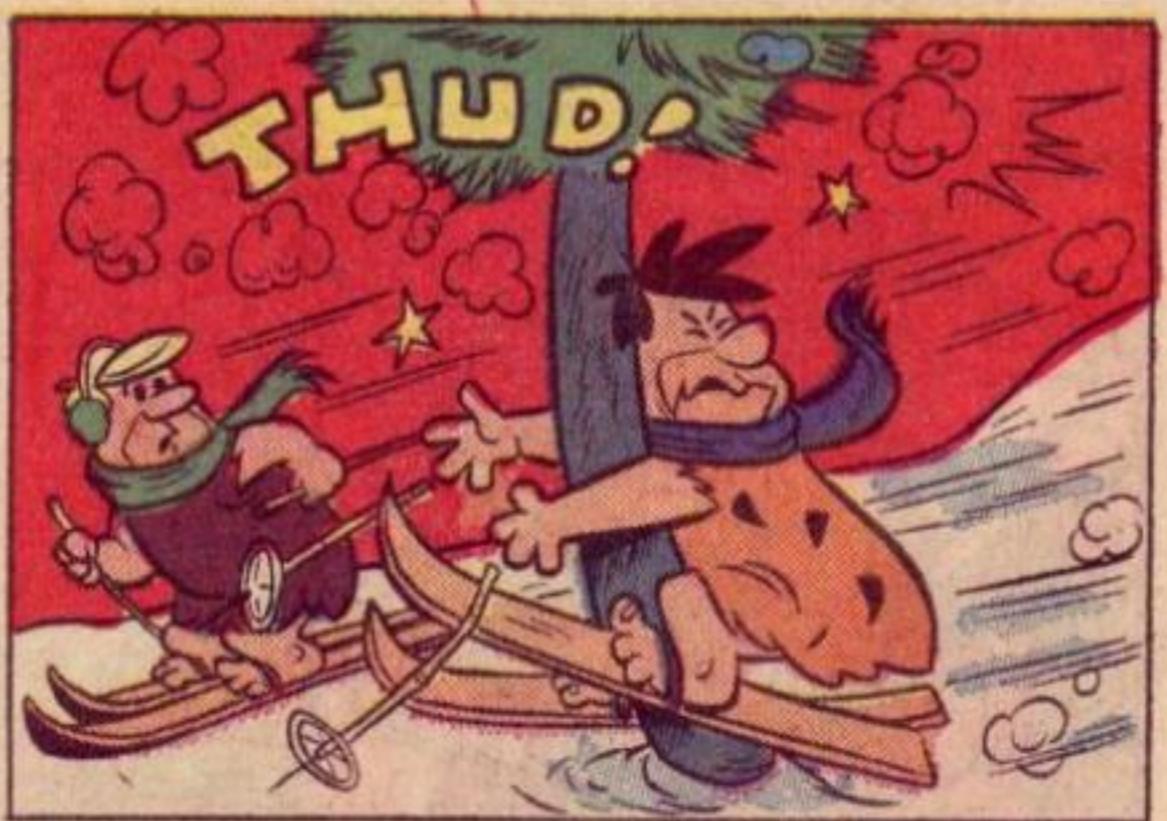


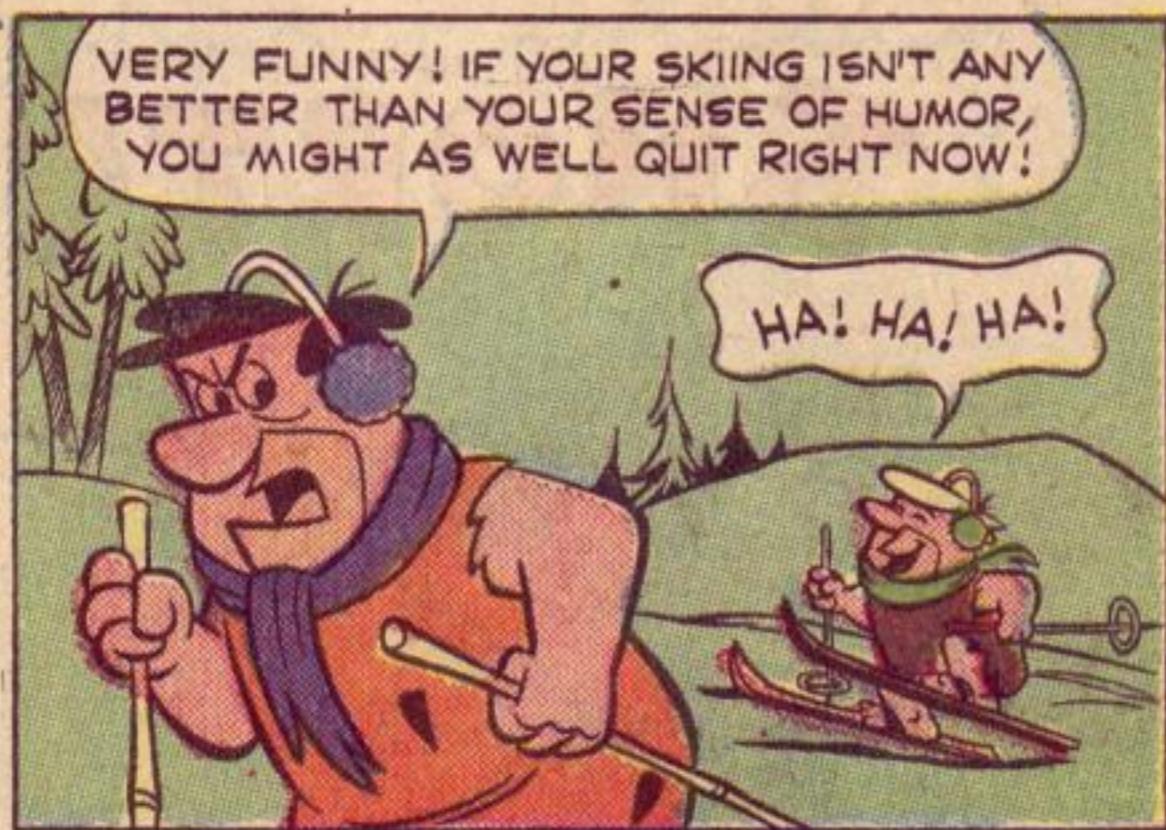
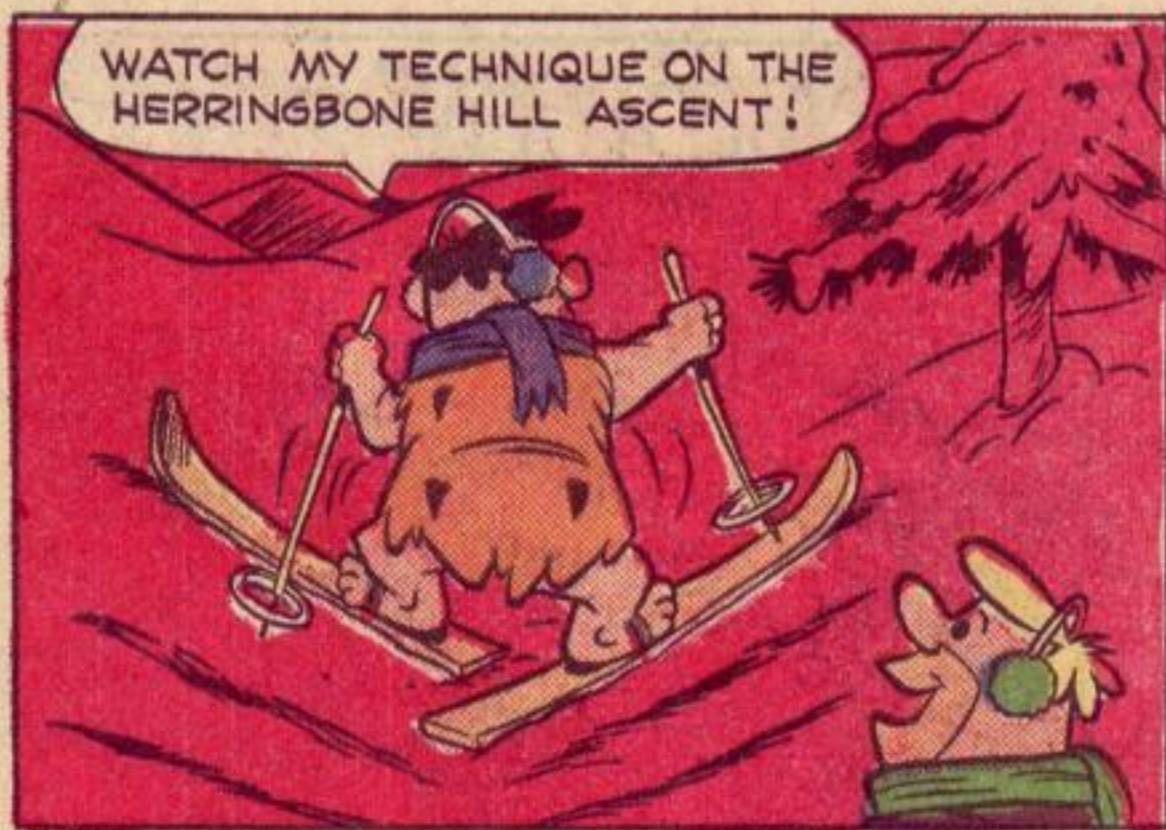
MANY HOURS LATER...



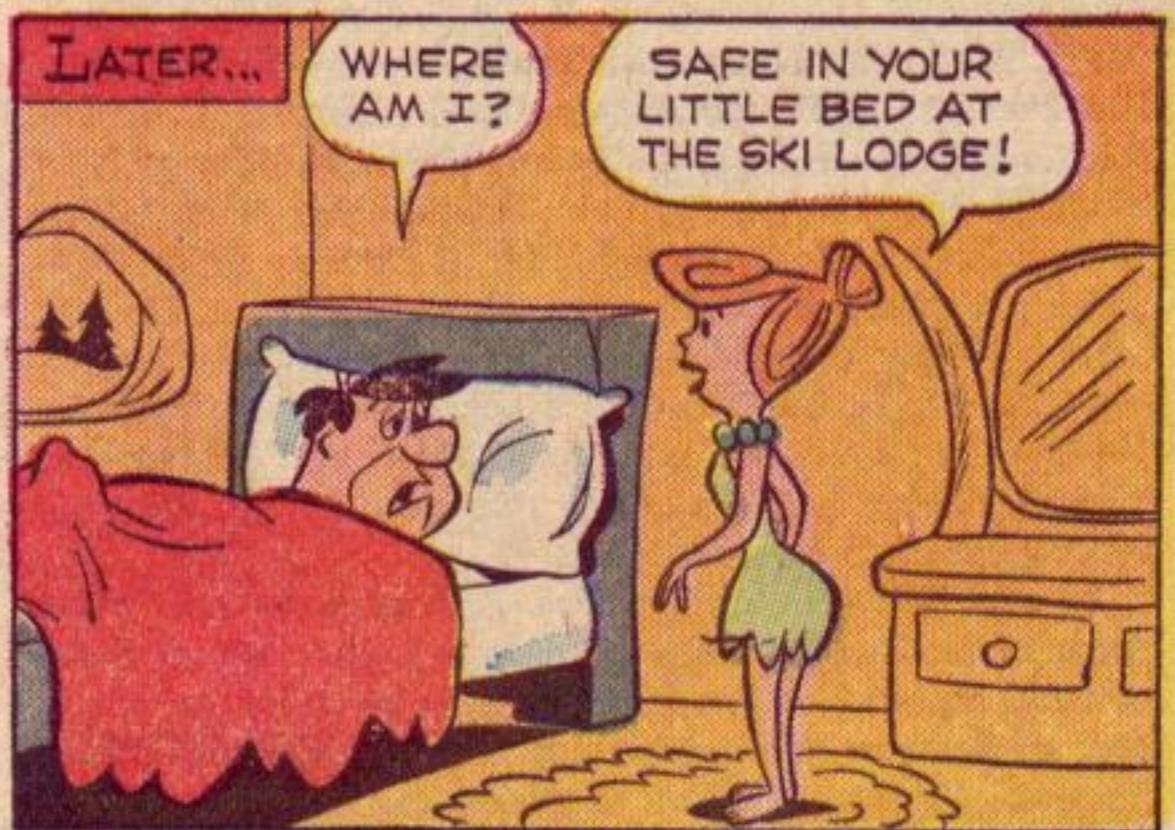
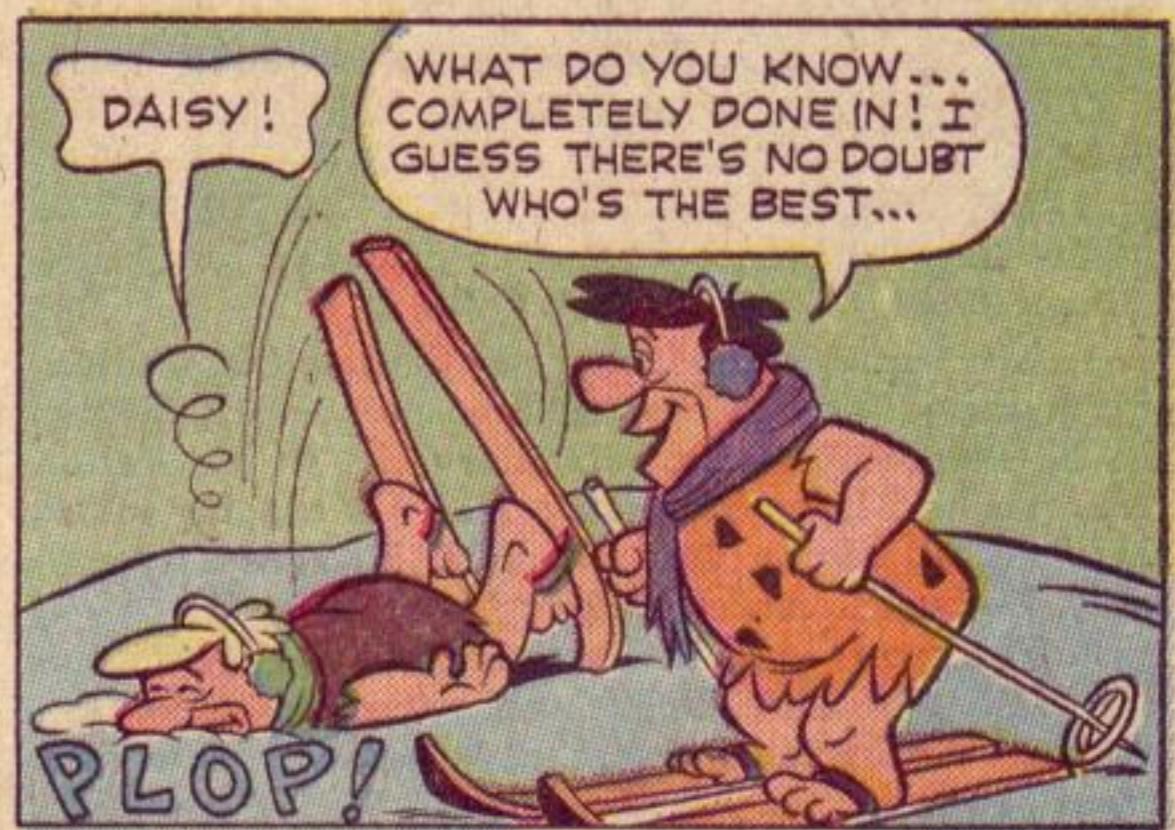
Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
SKI FOR TWO

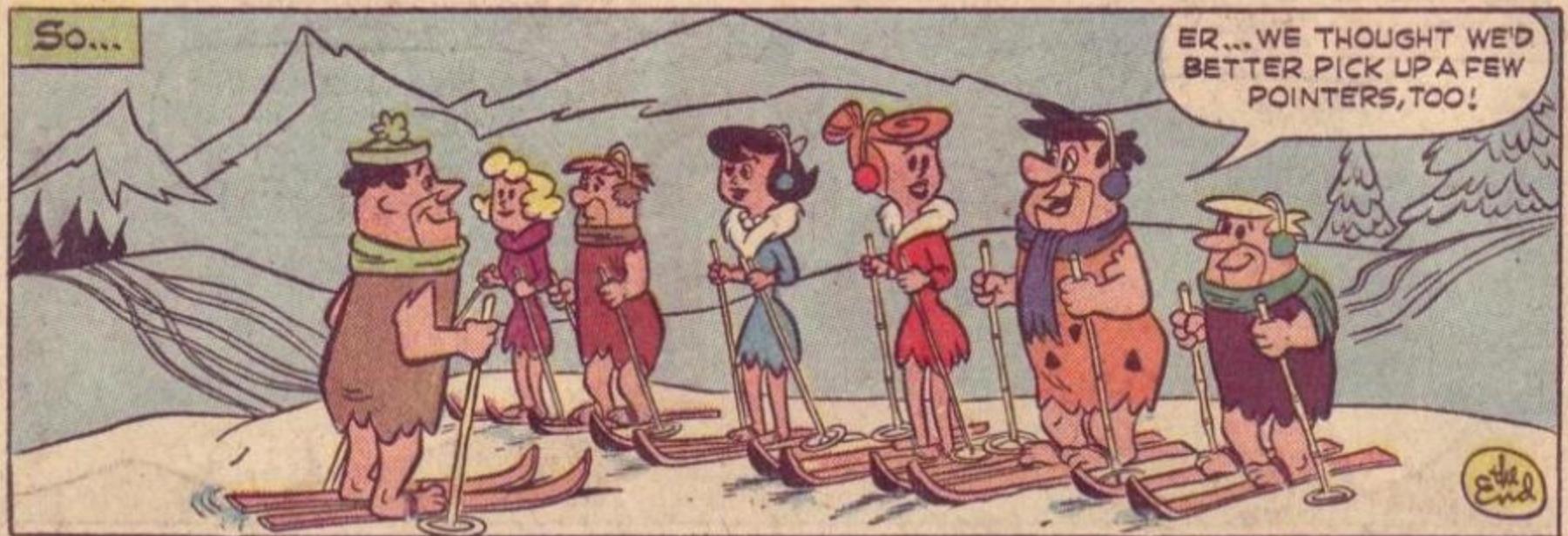












THE FLINTSTONES

PIN-UP NO. 4

